HENRY AND ISABELLA;

OR, A

TRAITE

THROUGH

LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

CAROLINE, OR THE DIVERSITIES OF FORTUNE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

CHAPTER XIV.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

FOR ſome hours after the departure of Sir George, Mrs. Maitland's diſdain and indignation continued in full force; ſhe could neither endure the thought of ſeeing Juliana become his wife, or of ſtripping her of ſo large a part of her natural rights to enrich one ſo worthleſs. The tenderneſs of the mother, for a while gave way to a ſtrong ſenſe of honour and rectitude; and like a Roman matron, ſhe could herſelf have pronounced, and almoſt inflicted the puniſhment ſhe thought

he deſerved. Ardently did ſhe wiſh for the power of eraſing from the will of her late brother, the clauſe which gave riſe to ſuch injuſtice and baſe deſigns in the breaſt of her ſon, and expoſed his lovely and amiable daughter inevitably to become wholly, or in part, a ſacrifice to his ambition and inſenſibility. Such were her feelings and reflections at his departure; and the gloom which they caſt over her ſpirits being attributed by all about her to concern for his abſence, every one ſtrove to amuſe and call off her thoughts from unpleaſing objects, without appearing to ſuppoſe they were ſo employed. Theſe kind efforts were in ſome degree ſucceſsful, but though ſhe ſoon recovered her apparent chearfulneſs, the thought of her ſon's ungenerous intentions never occurred to her mind, without giving it a painful ſenſation, which, however, ſhe endeavoured

voured to ſoften, by indulging the hope of his returning with altered diſpoſition and reſolutions.

A few days after Sir George's departure, Henry returned to Oxford. Every one ſaw him prepare for going with ſorrow, for he was beloved by every creature in the family, as well as by the whole neighbourhood. For ſome days after he had left it, nothing at Furze Hill appeared like itſelf; the grand ſource of all their chearfulneſs was gone: Mrs. Maitland felt the want of ſomething which was become almoſt neceſſary to her happineſs; Mary complained that her couſin would not ſpeak ſince Harry went away, and Juliana, that all Mary's ſpirits were fled with her brother to Oxford. Things were in this ſtate, when Mrs. Williams propoſed to Mrs. Maitland her removal with her family to the neighbourhood of London, during the ap-

proaching winter, in order to give the young ladies an opportunity of being attended for a few months by the beſt maſters, which was, ſhe ſaid, all that was wanting to finiſh their educations, and render them as accompliſhed as even herſelf could wiſh them.

Unwilling as Mrs. Maitland was to quit Furze Hill, ſhe did not heſitate to comply with Mrs. Williams's propoſal; a commodious furniſhed houſe being taken for her in one of the genteeleſt villages near town, they immediately removed thither; and the firſt maſters being engaged to attend double leſſons, their whole time and attention was taken up in making every poſſible advantage of this opportunity for improvement.

Mrs. Maitland thought it neceſſary to inform the mother of Juliana, how near to town ſhe was to ſpend the winter; but ſhe found that, on account of

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an election buſineſs, Mr. Mordant's family was not expected in London till after Chriſtmas, a piece of intelligence ſhe was not ſorry to hear, as ſhe feared that Juliana might be favoured with more of their viſits and invitations, than, according to their preſent plan of living, ſhe could conveniently receive or accept.

When the town became full, they received calls from all the families who ſpent their ſummers in the neighbourhood of Furze Hill; theſe calls were ſucceeded by preſſing invitations to their houſes, and offers of attending the young ladies to ſuch public places as Mrs. Maitland ſhould not chuſe the fatigue of frequenting, but their offers of all kinds were politely declined, that lady being reſolved to adhere firmly to her original plan of proceeding, on no account to loſe ſight of the deſign with which they removed to

their preſent ſituation, or ſuffer what was intended to be a winter of improvement, to become one of diſſipation. The only amuſements in which ſhe indulged them, were a few plays, and one opera, to which they were accompanied by Lady Harland, and with which they appeared perfectly ſatisfied, being too buſy to repine for want of diverſions.

Thus paſſed their time with very little interruption to the principal objects of their attention, till February was nearly half expired, when they received a card from Lady Maitland, informing them, that ſhe and her friends had been in town only a few days, and would call upon them the next morning. About noon they arrived, and Mrs. Mordant preſented her daughter to Mrs. Maitland and the young ladies, ſaying, ſhe hoped they would in future be better acquainted.

Miſs

Miſs Mordant was generally accounted a fine girl, ſhe was well grown, had good eyes, and an open countenance, but her complexion, in which particular, nature had not been kind to her, was a compoſition of red and white paint; in this practice ſhe was kept in countenance by her mother and Lady Maitland, both of whom, notwithſtanding the difference in age, were to the full as fair and blooming as herſelf. She had an air of faſhion and ſelf-ſatisfied conſequence, which, at firſt ſight, perſuaded thoſe that beheld her, that ſhe was handſomer than in reality was the caſe; but what ſhe wanted in the beauty, ſimple elegance, and unaffuming gracefulneſs of Mary and Juliana Maitland, ſhe made up in pretence and affectation, which, with one half of the world, very well ſupplied their place. She received the little attentions and civilities of Ju-

liana with a kind of ſupercilious coldneſs, affecting to treat her as little more than a child, but to Mary ſhe was all condeſcenſion, often repeating that ſhe hoped they ſhould frequently ſee each other, and be quite intimate during the time of their living ſo near.

Upon their riſing to take leave, Mrs. Mordant begged Mrs. Maitland would permit her to appoint a day, upon which ſhe might hope to ſee them in town; and that being Tueſday, after conſulting a liſt ſhe carried in her pocket-book, named Friday in the following week. As Mrs. Maitland had no engagements of a kind, to prevent her accepting the invitation, and thought on her ſiſter's account ſhe could not decline it with propriety, ſhe readily promiſed to attend her, and they parted with all thoſe ſet forms of civility, which, when gone through with an eaſy diſengaged air, conſtitute

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ſo much of modern politeneſs and etiquet.

During this viſit, it would have been impoſſible for any one, who was unacquainted with the degree of relationſhip in which the parties ſtood to each other, to have ſuppoſed that Lady Maitland was the mother of Juliana; ſhe took little notice of her, ſcarce ſo much as of Mary; only once addreſſing her by name, and then uſing that of Miſs Maitland: and though ſhe was now eighteen, tall and womanly, both in her perſon and manners, ſhe ſtill ſeemed, as well as Miſs Mordant, to conſider her as a mere girl, notwithſtanding the different treatment ſhe received from Mrs. Maitland, who upon all occaſions behaved to her with the tenderneſs of a mother, and the eaſy confidence of friendſhip.

When the day arrived, which was appointed for their viſit to Berkeley

Square, in which Mr. Mordant's town-houſe was ſituated, they were received by that family with much politeneſs; Miſs Mordant, though rather more civil than ſhe had been during their firſt interview, ſtill behaved towards our heroine with much diſtant reſerve, at the ſame time careſſing Mary, and ſhowing her every poſſible attention. Lady Maitland appeared very grave, complained of a bad head-ach, and the late hours they had kept the evening before; adding, that ſhe would poſitively go to no more routs that winter. We ſhall ſee that to-morrow, (anſwered Mrs. Mordant) you forget that we are engaged every day, for more than a fortnight to come. I ſhall never be able to go through it, (replied her Ladyſhip;) as for to-morrow, I am ſure I ſhall be too ill to go out. So ſaying, ſhe aroſe and left the room.

I am

I am afraid Lady Maitland is really ill, (ſaid Mrs. Mordant) I never remember to have ſeen her ſo grave before. I believe ſhe had an ill run at play laſt night, (anſwered Miſs Mordant;) I wiſh it is not her fear of ſeeing Lord Belford, that makes her ſo unwilling to go to Lady Hardcaſtle's tomorrow night. Here they were interrupted by the entrance of Lord and Lady Harland with their two daughters, who, together with a few more of Mrs. Mordant's old country neighbours, made the whole of the company. You ſee Mrs. Maitland, ſaid Mrs. Mordant, (addreſſing that lady) I have aſked you to ſpend quite a family day with us; I thought a party of our old friends would be more agreeable to you than a room full of ſtrangers. Mrs. Maitland replied, that ſhe was not particularly ſubject to be afraid of her fellow-creatures, becauſe their fea-

tures were not quite familiar to her, but that ſhe certainly found more pleaſure in the ſociety of thoſe whom ſhe knew and eſteemed.

While ſhe was ſpeaking, Juliana addreſſed ſomething to Miſs Mordant in a low voice, and they immediately roſe, and quitted the room together. In a few minutes the latter returned alone, and upon Lady Harland's aſking her where ſhe had left Miſs Maitland, ſhe anſwered that ſhe was in her mother's dreſſing-room. In leſs than half an hour, Lady Maitland and her daughter again entered; the former quite relieved, as ſhe informed the company, from her head-ach; and the latter, with a ſweet ſmile of ſatisfaction diffuſed over her fine countenance, which brightened every charm, and added luſtre to beauty itſelf.

Dinner being immediately announced, the company ſat down to an elegant

gant entertainment, which, as both Mr. and Mrs. Mordant were lively and polite, paſſed with eaſe and chearfulneſs. During its continuance, and the remainder of the evening, the behaviour of Lady Maitland towards Juliana was much altered. Inſtead of the accuſtomed coldneſs with which ſhe uſed to treat her, ſhe now appeared to behold her with much ſatisfaction and pleaſure, often addreſſing her in the kindeſt accent, and generally uſing the appellation of my dear, or, my dear Juliana. The young lady did not ſeem greatly elated or ſoftened by theſe uncommon teſtimonies of affection from her mother; ſhe paid, as ſhe had ever done, particular attention to all ſhe ſaid, but anſwered her rather with reſpect than tenderneſs.

When Mrs. Maitland's coach (for ſince Juliana had reſided with her ſhe had converted her poſt-chaiſe into a

more

more roomy vehicle) drove to the door, that lady aroſe to take leave. She was politely invited by Mrs. Mordant to favour them with frequent calls, ſaying, as an inducement, you will often find us at home in a morning. Lady Maitland aſſured her in the civileſt manner, that ſhe ſhould be always happy to ſee her, and would certainly take an early opportunity of calling upon her at Chelſea. Then turning to Juliana, ſhe ſaid, in a low voice, you won't forget me, my love? To which our heroine anſwered, that ſhe might depend upon her. Miſs Mordant was profuſe of her civilities to Mary, who, during the whole day, had been the principal object of her attention: but to Juliana, though her near relation, ſhe was regularly cold, diſtant, and ſometimes more than half rude; a circumſtance which greatly diſpleaſed Mrs. Maitland, and would alone have deter-

determined her very ſeldom to repeat her viſit.

During their ride home, Juliana was more thoughtful than uſual, often looking at her aunt with a kind of doubt and apprehenſion. At ſupper, the ſame little uneaſineſs appeared to continue; and when Mary inquired the cauſe of her gravity, ſhe only replied, that ſhe could not be always ſmiling. At their uſual hour, they parted for the night; but Mrs. Maitland was ſcarce got into her apartment, when ſome one tapped gently at the door, and upon its being opened, our heroine entered, and making ſome little apology for her intruſion, ſat down by the ſide of the dreſſing table. Her aunt perceiving that ſhe had ſomething which ſhe wiſhed to communicate, told James ſhe might go to reſt, ſaying, ſhe ſhould not want any aſſiſtance to undreſs. The attendant was no ſooner

diſmiſſed, than Juliana riſing, and approaching Mrs. Maitland, told her ſhe could not think of ſleeping, while ſhe had upon her mind a conſciouſneſs of having done what ſhe feared her dear aunt would not quite approve. I know (continued ſhe) that I ought to have conſulted you, that I ſhould do nothing without your advice; but I could not bear to ſee my mother ſo very uneaſy, or to think that ſhe was in diſtreſs for that, of which I poſſeſſed ſuch ſuperfluous abundance. In ſhort, my dear madam, when I heard Miſs Mordant ſay, with ſuch a malicious kind of indifference, that it was a play debt which occaſioned her illneſs, and that ſhe was afraid of ſeeing the perſon to whom it was due, I could not endure to think of her continuing in ſuch a ſtate of mind, while it was in my power to relieve her out of it. I therefore requeſted Miſs Mordant to ſhew

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me to her dreſſing-room, where, when we entered, I found her ſitting with her head leaning upon her hand in the moſt diſconſolate manner. I inquired how ſhe did, and if there was any thing in my power to do, which could contribute to her health and eaſe of mind. She ſeemed ſurprized at my queſtion, and aſked if I really wiſhed to contribute to her eaſe of mind? To which I anſwered, that it was my wiſh to perform, in the beſt manner I was able, every duty of life, and had always been taught to eſteem that which I owed to her among the firſt and moſt ſacred. If (replied ſhe) that is really your opinion, and you wiſh to act in conformity to it, I have no doubt but it is in your power to relieve me from my preſent embarraſſment: and my dear child (continued ſhe with a ſoftened voice) may depend upon my care never to plunge myſelf into ſuch another.

ther. I am not uſed to play deep; indeed I had always a diſlike to it; but laſt-night, I know not how, Lord Belford engaged me firſt in one bet, then in another, till at laſt I roſe near three thouſand pounds in debt to him. I am ſure he did not intend to diſtreſs me, for he is the beſt kind of man in the world; but to be unable to pay a debt of this nature, would render me contemptible in the eyes of every one who has the ſlighteſt ſenſe of honour; and till it is, by ſome means or other, diſcharged, I ſhall never enjoy a moment's reſt.'

I muſt confeſs (continued Juliana) that I was a little ſtartled at the largeneſs of the ſum ſhe ſtood in need of: with a few hundreds, which I had ſuppoſed to be the fulleſt extent of her wants, I knew you would, without ſcruple indulge me; but on the other hand, the larger the debt ſhe had contracted,

tracted, the more impoſſible was it for her to diſcharge it without my aſſiſtance, and the greater muſt be her anguiſh of mind; the promiſe too, which ſhe had condeſcended to make me, of never again engaging herſelf in ſuch an entanglement, had great weight with me; ſo that, unable to diſappoint the expectation I had raiſed, and truſting to the long experienced kindneſs of my dear aunt, I ventured to promiſe her the whole ſum, and muſt truſt to your goodneſs and indulgence for the power of performing my engagement, and pardon for the impropriety I have been guilty of in entering into it without your opinion and approbation.

Every thing my dear Juliana does, (replied Mrs. Maitland, tenderly kiſſing her cheek as ſhe leaned over her chair) convinces me more and more of the goodneſs and rectitude of her heart.

I need

I need not deſcant upon the imprudence of Lady Maitland, I know your own opinion of it exactly coincides with mine. The ſum ſhe has engaged you to diſcharge is indeed very large, and certainly required the promiſe ſhe thought proper to make, as a ſecurity againſt the demand being repeated. You ſhall, my dear, by no means diſappoint her expectation, or your own excellent heart, to which I know the eaſe you will give her's will afford the moſt pleaſing ſenſations; but for your mother's ſake, as well as your own, do not encourage her to hope for ſuch a reſource in future. There is nothing ſo infatuating, ſo irreſiſtible to a weak mind, as a growing love of gaming; it will therefore be in the higheſt degree kind and attentive to her happineſs, at the ſame time that you relieve her preſent neceſſities, to prevent, if poſſible,

poſſible, her plunging again into the ſame uncomfortable ſtate.

Juliana thanked her aunt in a tranſport of joy, for her kind indulgence, in ſuffering her to fulfil the engagement into which ſhe had entered, and kiſſing her with all the grateful fondneſs of filial love, promiſed to do every thing ſhe adviſed; and wiſhing her a good night, retired to her own apartment, with a heart much lighter than that with which ſhe had quitted it.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XV.

MODERN MATERNAL AFFECTION.

THE allowance which Sir George Maitland had made, for the maintenance and education of his daughter was ſo large, and her expences during her childhood ſo proportionably ſmall, that a very conſiderable ſum had accumulated, part of which had been placed in the funds, and part, at the time of which we are now treating, lay in the hands of a banker, ſo that Mrs. Maitland had no difficulty in immediately furniſhing our heroine, with the ſum of which her mother ſtood in need. A draft for three thouſand pounds upon one of the moſt reſpectable houſes in town, was accordingly the next morning put into her hands, and the coach being ordered for that purpoſe, ſhe ſet out,

out, attended by Mrs. Williams, for Berkeley-Square, where being arrived, ſhe immediately requeſted to be conducted to Lady Maitland's dreſſing room, leaving Mrs. Williams below with Mrs. Mordant, who had not yet finiſhed breakfaſt.

The moment Juliana appeared, Lady Maitland roſe with every appearance of delight, exclaiming, O my dear, I thought you had forgotten your promiſe, or rather that your aunt had refuſed you the means of fulfiling it, but by the chearfulneſs of your countenance I know all is right. I am indeed happy, madam (anſwered Juliana) in the power of relieving you from the uneaſineſs I yeſterday ſaw you ſuffer, eſpecially as you have had the goodneſs to promiſe, that I ſhall not have the mortification of ſeeing you expoſed to the ſame inconvenience, when it may not be poſſible for me to remove it.

So

So ſaying ſhe preſented the draft to her mother, who no ſooner caſt her eyes upon it, than they ſparkled with pleaſure. A thouſand thanks, my beſt love, (exclaimed ſhe) I ſhall now be able to look the world in the face. I ſhall no longer endure the apprehenſions of being pointed out as a mean wretch, who either wants power or inclination to diſcharge her voluntary engagements. She then rang the bell, and Cotten appearing, ordered her to prepare for her going that evening to Lady Hardcaſtle's. I thought your Ladyſhip had reſolved not to go (ſaid Cotten.) So I had (replied Lady Maitland) but I have changed my mind; tell the hair-dreſſer to be here by two, and get every thing ready. She then deſcended, followed by Juliana, to the breakfaſt-room, where in the higheſt ſpirits, ſhe began to enquire into the particulars of their approaching engagements; to lament

lament that winter was ſo far advanced; that the days began already to lengthen; and that another two months would drive them abſolutely out of town.

Juliana, though much preſſed by her mother and Mrs. Mordant to ſtay dinner, ſoon took her leave, being ſeverely mortified by the extreme levity of a mother, whom a ſtrong ſenſe of duty made her wiſh to reſpect and love, but whoſe follies reaſon forced her to deſpiſe. She returned to Mrs. Maitland, who impatiently expected her, in no very high ſpirits, and upon that lady's inquiring the particulars of her reception, a tear ſtole down her ſoft cheek, which wiping away, with a wiſh that it might not be perceived,—You too well know, my dear madam, (ſaid ſhe) that I am not ſo happy in a parent, as in my dear aunt, my beloved guardian and protectreſs. I am mortified that

the love and veneration I feel for the one, cannot be extended to the other; but that while my tongue pronounces the endearing name of mother, my heart refuſes to acknowledge that filial tenderneſs, that fond reſpect, which ever ought to attend the idea of ſuch a relation; and all I can prevail upon myſelf to feel or expreſs, are the mere cold dictates of duty. I have often, my love, (anſwered Mrs. Maitland) felt for you on this account, but do not ſuffer your ſenſibility to diſturb your peace or chearfulneſs; perſevere in the conſtant attention and filial reſpect you have ever paid your mother; more is not in your power, unleſs a change in her ſhould call forth thoſe affections in her child, to which nature hath entitled her, and which, did not ſhe counteract its operations, ſhe might ſo largely and happily enjoy. We will hope that time may produce ſuch a change,

change, but till then, you muſt be content with purſuing the track you have hitherto ſo happily followed, with the ſubſtitution of attention for friendſhip, of principle for inclination and tenderneſs.

The underſtanding, and maternal tenderneſs of Mrs. Maitland, never failed to ſooth and regulate the mind of her fair ward, naturally too ſubject to be ruffled by thoſe warm emotions, which ever attend upon a large portion of youthful ſenſibility, and conſtantly require the careful and judicious hand of cultivation, to reſtrain and keep within the proper bounds of uſefulneſs. A few hours completely reſtored to her that eaſe and chearful tranquility, which as they are the offspring, ſo are they the reward of reaſon and virtue, and thoſe employments and avocations, ſo happily ſuited to her genius, and favorable to her happineſs, were reſumed

with that ardor and attention, ſo neceſſary to the attainment of excellence.

In a few days Lady Maitland favored her ſiſter and family with the call ſhe had promiſed ſo ſoon to make; ſhe was accompanied by Miſs Mordant, who, the moment ſhe entered the room, flew to her favorite Mary, proteſting it was an age ſince ſhe had ſeen her, and (except Mrs. Maitland, to whom ſhe always paid conſiderable attention) ſcarce taking the ſmalleſt notice of any other perſon during her viſit. Her Ladyſhip, on the contrary, ſeemed entirely taken up with her daughter, whom ſhe careſſed, and even condeſcended to flatter in a manner very diſtreſſing to her, and diſguſting to Mrs. Maitland, who ſo well knew the deſign and motives of this ſudden change. Seeing the harp ſtanding in a corner of the room, ſhe requeſted Juliana to indulge her with a leſſon; ſhe was quite

delighted

delighted with her performance, firſt begged one ſong, then another, and appeared wholly to have forgotten the length of her viſit, till Miſs Mordant reminded her that it was almoſt four o'clock, and they were to dreſs for the Opera. This inſtantly put an end to her raptures; ſhe ſuddenly ſtarted up, took a haſty leave, and hurried to her coach, not chuſing to devote that time, ſo neceſſary for perſonal decoration, to the inſipid company of a daughter, whom, though intereſt made her condeſcend to flatter and careſs, was too unlike herſelf ever to become a real object of affection.

Though near a month elapſed before Juliana was again favored with a call from her mother, ſhe received, during that interval, ſeveral very obliging notes from her, in which ſhe complained of the conſtant and unavoidable round of engagements in which ſhe

was involved, and by which ſhe was robbed of the pleaſure of ſeeing her beloved daughter, and the eſteemed friend to whom, on her account, ſhe was ſo highly obliged. Theſe notes were often accompanied by preſents of ſuch little delicacies as the ſeaſon rendered difficult to procure, and of which ſhe knew Juliana was particularly fond, ſuch as fruits, flowers, &c. &c. Theſe little teſtimonies of affection, would have made a deep impreſſion upon the tender, ſuſceptible nature of our heroine, had ſhe not been fortified againſt them, by a perfect knowledge of the ſource from whence they proceeded, and a natural averſion to intereſted hypocriſy. She, however, ſtrove to view the actions of her mother in the moſt favorable point of view, and to indulge a hope, that what ſhe had too much reaſon to fear was

now

now mere pretence, might in time be converted into reality.

As Mr. Mordant's intereſt was always in oppoſition to the court party, his family did not frequent the drawing-room, and being fond of the country, he ſeldom prolonged his attendance upon the Houſe of Commons longer than the beginning of May. Lady Maitland had often wiſhed to attend the birth day, but Mr. Mordant was not to be prevailed upon to burn in London ſo long; ſhe was therefore obliged to take leave of the delighful fatigues of winter, a full month before the faſhionable world in general relinquiſhed them. Mortifying as this neceſſity was, ſhe was obliged to ſubmit to it: her income was too ſlender to enable her to act as ſhe wiſhed to do there was no being independent upon three thouſand pounds a year. Mrs. Mordant and her daughter accompanied her

Ladyſhip in her farewel viſit to Mrs. Maitland and her family, which was made with much parade of affection on her part, and many declarations that now ſhe had been uſed to have Juliana near her ſo long, ſhe knew not how to think of removing from her: this reluctance was the ſtronger, as ſhe ſaid ſhe found her income unequal to the expence of coming down to Woodburn, which ſhe had hitherto done, merely for the ſake of paſſing a ſhort time near her, and giving herſelf an opportunity of obſerving her growing improvements; but added, that now the taſk of education was ſo entirely completed, and ſhe of an age no longer to require the attendance of a governeſs or inſtructors, ſhe hoped Mrs. Maitland would have no objection to her paſſing a ſhort time every year with her, at the houſe of her friend Mrs. Mordant, by whoſe authority, and particular deſire,

ſhe

ſhe was enabled to give the invitation. In this requeſt Mrs. Mordant joined with great warmth and politeneſs, ſaying, that excluſive of Lady Maitland's being one of their family, they flattered themſelves, that as near relations they ſhould not be denied ſuch a favor, and named July as the time, when it would be particularly agreeable to them to receive her. Mrs. Maitland referred them entirely to Juliana herſelf, who feeling no inclination, or rather a ſtrong diſlike, to the thoughts of accepting the invitation, anſwered that it was Mrs. Maitland's intention to continue in her preſent ſituation during the next twelve months, merely that her couſin and herſelf might enjoy the benefit of being attended by their preſent maſters, and as they well knew how great a ſacrifice ſhe made them in leaving her favorite place of reſidence for ſo long a time, ſhe thought the

leaſt they could do was to make every poſſible uſe of the means of improvement which it afforded; adding, that as they ſhould in all probability ſpend the next winter as near to each other as they had done this, ſhe hoped both her mother and Mrs. Mordant would excuſe her declining their obliging invitations, at leaſt till the following ſummer, when ſhe foreſaw nothing that would prevent her accepting them.

Lady Maitland, upon hearing that her ſiſter and family intended to ſpend their next winter ſo near to London, appeared pretty well ſatisfied, only requeſting, that Juliana would remember that ſhe had promiſed her a viſit the next ſummer, and that ſhe would ſhorten the time of abſence by often writing to her, a pleaſure ſhe had never before expreſſed a wiſh to enjoy, but for which ſhe now appeared very ſolicitous. Juliana anſwered with her

uſual

uſual reſpect, that it would give her pleaſure to do any thing that could afford the ſmalleſt ſatisfaction to her mother; but added, that ſhe feared the retired manner in which they meant to paſs the next ſix months, would render her a very dull correſpondent, as an account of the new leſſons ſhe learned upon her harp, of the laſt new book ſhe peruſed, or ſome ſuch important matter, would be the moſt intereſting events ſhe could expect to have the power of relating. Her Ladyſhip aſſured her, that every thing ſhe did or thought would be intereſting to her; and affectionately embracing her, declared it would appear an age before they met again.

The leave which Miſs Mordant took of her favorite Mary was little leſs tender; ſhe gave her the moſt preſſing invitations to accompany Juliana when ſhe paid her propoſed viſit to her mo-

ther, requeſted that ſhe would favor her with a frequent correſpondence, and that they might paſs as much of their time together during the next winter as poſſible; when, ſhe ſaid, ſhe hoped Mrs. Maitland would think they had devoted ſufficient time to improvements, and would allow a little more to amuſements. To which Mrs. Maitland replied, that both Juliana and her daughter were entirely at liberty to judge and act for themſelves upon every occaſion; that all ſhe wiſhed or ſhould ever deſire of them was, the privilege of adviſing as a friend, not of dictating as a governor.

In this declaration, the actions of this excellent guardian intirely agreed with her words, for as at the departure of her eldeſt ſon, ſhe had reſigned to him the whole income his late uncle had aſſigned for his education, together with ſuch a part of the ſavings that had

had been made, as was ſufficient to enable him to travel in a manner ſuitable to his rank and expectations, ſo upon the day on which Juliana became nineteen, ſhe made to her a like reſignation, putting her into abſolute poſſeſſion not only of the thouſand pounds a year which was left for her maintenance, but of all the accumulated ſavings, which amounted to a conſiderable ſum. Mary was at the ſame time made miſtreſs of the intereſt of ten thouſand pounds, and Henry, being of age, maſter of his whole fortune, which the reader will recollect was, as well as his ſiſter's, fifteen thouſand. Theſe regulations were made by Mrs. Maitland, from an opinion, that it was better to make young people independent by degrees, than to give them the poſſeſſion of a conſiderable fortune all at once: ſhe had in purſuance of this idea, enlarged their allowances gradually, in

proportion

proportion to their ages and future expectations; and now that the goodneſs of their diſpoſitions and underſtandings had given her the moſt agreeable confidence in their conduct, ſhe wiſhed, while they ſtill continued under her eye, and ſubject to her control, voluntarily to afford them that liberty of action, which in a ſhort time they would have the power to command, that ſo neither the poſſeſſion of fortune or freedom might have that intoxicating quality, by which their bleſſings are ſo often converted into the worſt of misfortunes. Their continuance for another year at Chelſea had been indulged to their particular requeſt, and was indeed, as Juliana had ſaid, a very conſiderable ſacrifice of Mrs. Maitland's pleaſure to their choice and improvement, for ſhe was too fond of Furze-Hill to be abſent from it ſo long without regret.

Notwith-

Notwithſtanding the earneſtneſs with which Lady Maitland had requeſted her daughter's correſpondence, ſhe very ſeldom anſwered her letters with more than a few lines, and theſe generally containing the ſame ſentiments, often expreſſed in words very nearly, if not exactly reſembling each other. She generally thanked her for her laſt letter, which ſhe declared afforded her the greateſt pleaſure; apologized for not anſwering it ſooner, by complaining of want of time; told her the great pleaſure it would give her to ſee her in town; and concluded with the uſual aſſurances of affection. This correſpondence was ſo far from endearing Lady Maitland to Juliana, that it more than ever convinced her of the meanneſs of her underſtanding and attainments, as well as the worthleſſneſs of her diſpoſition; and this more than half diſguſt, which in ſpite of herſelf ſhe felt for a mother

ſo

ſo every way unworthy that tender name, was exceedingly increaſed by Mrs. James, who (being indulged, from her age, and the number of years ſhe had lived in the family, with almoſt unbounded liberty of ſpeech) notwithſtanding the frequent cautions given her by Mrs. Maitland, in a fit of irreſiſtible loquacity, gave her a full account of her Bath adventure, together with every circumſtance of her ill behaviour to the beſt of huſbands, and the inſolence with which ſhe uſed to treat Mrs. Maitland. Theſe circumſtances altogether operated ſo ſtrongly upon the virtuous mind of Juliana, that it was not without difficulty ſhe prevailed upon herſelf to ſhew that apparent reſpect towards her mother, which ſhe had hitherto regularly preſerved.

The delicate ſenſibility of her mind would not ſuffer her to mention what ſhe

ſhe had heard, even to her aunt; but ſhe felt the moſt uneaſy ſenſations whenever the name of her mother was mentioned; a ſomething that ſeemed to render her rights in the family whoſe name ſhe bore doubtful, and there was nothing ſhe ſecretly ſo much dreaded as the thoughts of ſeeing her, to whom nature had given a claim to affection and reverence, but whom ſhe found it impoſſible either to love or reſpect. From this laſt cauſe of uneaſineſs ſhe was however relieved, by a letter which ſhe received about the middle of October, when ſhe began to fear that every week might mortify her with the ſight of this unworthy parent, wherein her ladyſhip informed her that Mr. and Mrs. Mordant had changed their plan for the winter, which they uſually ſpent in town, but had this year reſolved to paſs in Paris, partly for the ſake of variety and amuſement, and

partly

partly in order to perfect Miſs Mordant in the French language. She expreſſed great ſorrow at the neceſſity ſhe was under of giving up the pleaſure of ſeeing her for ſo long a time; requeſted that ſhe would lend her the ſum of five hundred pounds, which ſhe ſtood in great need of, to enable her to make a few decent preparations for her intended journey, and without which ſhe could not afford to appear with common propriety in that world of taſte and elegance, which ſhe was ſure her dear Juliana would wiſh her to do. She concluded with many ardent wiſhes that Mrs. Maitland would permit her to make one in their party, which ſhe aſſured her was of the moſt reſpectable and agreeable kind; but as ſhe had no hope of ſuch an indulgence, reminded her of the viſit ſhe had promiſed to make her the next ſummer, and till then wiſhed her every poſſible pleaſure

which

which her preſent confined ſituation would admit of her enjoying.

Our heroine was ſo much pleaſed with this eſcape, as ſhe accounted it, from the mortification of witneſſing the folly of a mother, that ſhe inſtantly reſolved to ſupply her with the ſum ſhe requeſted. She was ſenſible that it might be better employed; that every hour preſented to her eyes juſter claimants upon her abundance; that what ſhe now gave was devoted to diſſipation and folly. But though too much accuſtomed to judge of every action by the rules of reaſon and rectitude ever to violate their laws without an uneaſy conſciouſneſs, ſhe could not upon this occaſion allow herſelf to adhere too rigidly to them. Unworthy as was the requeſter, ſhe was yet her mother. It is true, ſhe had no real wants; but imaginary ones, in a weak mind, create as much pain as thoſe

thoſe of the moſt ſerious nature, and it was her duty to render a parent, however undeſerving, as happy as it was, without injury to another, in her power to make her.

With a little aſſiſtance from Mrs. Maitland, the ſum was accordingly raiſed, and being converted into bank notes, encloſed to Lady Maitland, together with a ſhort but reſpectful letter from Juliana, in which ſhe wiſhed her and her friends a ſafe and pleaſant journey to the continent, and aſſured her that nothing but ſome unforeſeen alteration of circumſtances ſhould prevent her paying her duty to her in the courſe of the next ſummer.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XVI.

A CONFESSION.

BEING thus relieved from the unpleaſant neceſſity of keeping up the forms of apparent friendſhip with perſons ſo little calculated to inſpire or preſerve the ſacred union of virtuous minds, which alone deſerves that name, Mrs. Maitland and her family looked forward to a winter as quiet and uninterrupted as the ſummer had been. That indeed had been rather more ſo than they could have wiſhed; they had expected that Henry would, as uſual, ſpend his long vacation with them, and had planned many pleaſurable little excurſions, which were intended to be executed during that time. Juliana had bought an elegant new riding-habit, in which ſhe intended to make them,

them, and about the colour and ſhape of which ſhe had been particularly difficult and exact. But all theſe agreeable plans and expectations were put a ſtop to, by a letter Mrs. Maitland received from him, in which he informed her, that it was his intention to ſpend the whole ſummer at Oxford, which ſeaſon of retirement he meant intirely to devote to ſtudy; a degree of application he thought abſolutely neceſſary, previous to his entering into orders, which he was reſolved to do as ſoon as he was arrived at the proper age.

Mrs. Maitland, though diſappointed in not having the pleaſure of ſeeing her favourite ſon, for ſo, in ſpite of all her endeavours to preſerve a perfect impartiality among her children he was become, was yet pleaſed with what ſhe thought a proof of his not indulging any hopes from the particular kind-

neſs with which he had always been treated by his couſin; a proof which, from the natural ardor of his temper, ſhe did not at all expect. On the contrary, ſhe had often reflected with great uneaſineſs upon the pain ſhe believed he would feel, ſhould the projected marriage between her and his brother take place; nay, ſhe feared that he might be even raſh enough to oppoſe it, and dreaded the conſequences of a ſtrong paſſion, ſuch as ſhe too plainly ſaw him poſſeſs, by acting upon a young mind, unguarded by fear or experience. This proof, therefore, of his prudence and circumſpection, for, from theſe ſhe rightly judged his pretended inclination to ſuch ſevere ſtudy proceeded, was far beyond her hopes, and afforded her the agreeable proſpect of ſeeing her family continue undivided by thoſe worſt of diſſenſions which are the offspring of jealous rivalſhip.

Juliana,

Juliana, on the contrary, could but ill diſguiſe her diſappointment and vexation. At firſt ſhe ſtrove to put on an air of indifference, ſaying, that certainly if Harry liked better to be at Oxford than with them, he was perfectly right to ſtay there; adding, with a forced ſmile, that it was a pity there were no convents in England, for ſhe thought the monaſtic life would ſuit him exactly; but upon Mary's aſking her, with ſome archneſs, if ſhe would like to take the veil, and chuſe him for her confeſſor, the colour heightened in her cheeks, and notwithſtanding her utmoſt endeavours to ſuppreſs it, a tear gliſtened in her bright, downcaſt eyes; ſhe affected to ſearch in her work baſket as for ſomething ſhe had loſt; then riſing with as careleſs an air as the ſtrength of her emotions would permit her to aſſume, quitted the room.

Mrs.

Mrs. Maitland had long ſuſpected that her fair ward entertained a conſiderable degree of partiality for her youngeſt ſon; her ſuſpicion was now confirmed beyond a poſſibility of doubt. Upon caſting her eyes towards Mrs. Clement, Mrs. Williams, and Mary, ſhe inſtantly perceived their looks, which were all turned towards her, wore ſtrong expreſſions of the ſame idea; but the ſubject was too delicate for more than looks; and each reſuming the employment by which they had before been occupied, a profound ſilence of conſiderable length enſued, which was at laſt interrupted by Mary, who, riſing, ſaid ſhe would go and ſee what was become of her couſin.

Upon entering a dreſſing-room, which was common to both, ſhe found poor Juliana with her face covered by a handkerchief, which ſhe held in both her hands, and reclined againſt the

arm of a covered ſofa, upon which ſhe ſat. What is the matter with my dear cuz? (ſaid ſhe, ſeating herſelf by the ſide of her diſconſolate friend;) tell me what it is that diſtreſſes you; nay, come (continued ſhe, ſeeing ſhe rather turned more away,) you ſhall tell me what is the matter. Then putting one of her fair arms round the neck of our heroine, and gently drawing her half reluctant face cloſe to her own; is my dear Juliana angry? (ſaid ſhe) have I done or ſaid any thing to hurt or offend her? No, no, (replied our heroine, in a half-tender, half-peeviſh accent,) how can you ſuppoſe that poſſible! Then (anſwered Mary,) you will not refuſe to tell me what it is that makes you uneaſy; do you not call me your ſiſter, your friend? If I have done nothing to forfeit theſe tender names, what can occaſion ſuch an unkind reſerve? What, my dear Mary,

(replied

(replied Juliana, embracing her couſin, and reclining her face upon her boſom,) would you have me tell you? Alas! I have nothing to reveal, but a humiliating hiſtory of my own folly, and could that afford my friend, my ſiſter, any pleaſure? It may at leaſt (replied Mary) lighten the oppreſſion under which I have the pain to ſee you ſtruggle; and is it not the duty of friendſhip to partake ſorrow as well as pleaſure? I can with perfect ſincerity aver, that I have never concealed a ſingle thought of my heart from you, have I not then a right to expect equal openneſs and confidence? It is eaſy (anſwered Juliana) to lay open our thoughts, when we are conſcious that they will bear the ſtricteſt examinations of reaſon, but when we have inſenſibly given them the liberty of wandering beyond the juſt bounds ſhe has preſcribed, we fly to concealment as the

only means that can enable us to endure our own folly: what we cannot ourſelves approve, it is naural that we ſhould wiſh to hide from thoſe we moſt eſteem. Nothing (replied Mary) can more ſtrongly prove the uſefulneſs, the neceſſity, of an unreſerved communication between ſincere and virtuous minds, ſince it not only relieves that which is oppreſſed of much uneaſineſs, but is the beſt, and moſt effectual means of checking, and correcting improper habits of thinking, which are the dangerous paths that lead to irregular conduct. I am convinced that had I not acquired an early habit of diſcloſing every idea that roſe in my mind to my dear mother, I ſhould before this time have entertained a thouſand idle wiſhes and abſurd opinions; but of theſe I do not believe my Juliana capable: if I gueſs aright, her preſent uneaſineſs proceeds from an exceſs of delicacy,

which

which repreſents the indulgence of ſenſibility, even when guided by judgment, as a fault.

Ah (exclaimed Juliana) I perceive my weakneſs has not been concealed from you! Perhaps my aunt to—But do not ſuppoſe it greater than it is. I have deceived myſelf, but being now awakened from the dream into which too much vanity and ſelf-confidence lulled me, I have little doubt of being quickly able to efface the impreſſion it has made upon my mind; and the next time I meet your brother, I truſt it ſhall be with an indifference at leaſt equal to his own. If you cannot muſter a little more than that, (anſwered Mary half ſmiling) I am afraid you will have no great things to boaſt of. What do you mean? (exclaimed our heroine, the colour deepening in her cheek.) I know not whether I ought to explain my meaning or not, (an-

ſwered Mary;) my brother George is as near, and ſhould be as dear to me as Henry, and I cannot do juſtice to the one, without injury to the other. With me you can never injure Sir George Maitland, (replied Juliana warmly;) my reſolutions with regard to him are immoveably fixed. I ſhall not at his return wait to be informed of his ſentiments; the Woodburn eſtate ſhall be his; I ſhall reſign it to him without a ſigh: if the half of my father's fortune will not make me happy, the whole never can; and it is but juſt, that a proper proportion of the family eſtate ſhould accompany the title, which without ſuch a ſupport would be an inconvenient incumbrance. This is my abſolute determination, a determination which has been fixed in my own mind for many months, and which nothing can alter; ſo if you have—have any—(continued ſhe heſitating)

If

If I have any thing to ſay in favor of another (rejoined Mary) I am at liberty to ſpeak; but though I may be in no danger of doing George an injury by what I was about to ſay, perhaps in juſtice to you I ought to be ſilent. Henry, amiable and pleaſing as I allow him to be, is not a proper huſband for my dear Juliana; neither his fortune or rank in life—Are what I regard (interrupted our Heroine:) were my fortune ſmall I ſhould be cautious how I united myſelf to one in the ſame ſituation, unleſs we had both been accuſtomed to habits of living which required no more than we poſſeſſed; but if mine will not juſtify me in looking with indifference upon that of a worthy and amiable—

I perfectly underſtand you, my dear Juliana, (ſaid Mary;) the ſentiment is worthy your good and generous heart. But what would the world ſay to ſuch

a marriage? Would it not accuſe my mother of having ſacrificed your intereſt to her own ambition? of having provided for both her ſons, by dividing your large fortune between them? Where is the character ſo excellent as to eſcape cenſure (cried Juliana warmly) if my aunt's cannot? Will any perſon who is acquainted with your brothers, any perſon at leaſt who is a judge of their merits, wonder that I ſhould prefer the younger? As for title it is what I ever regarded with the moſt perfect indifference, nay I muſt acknowledge, from a train of ideas which affection and reaſon as well as habit have aſſociated in my mind, the appellation of *Mrs.* appears to me far more reſpectable than that of *Lady* Maitland. But dear girl (continued ſhe, again half hiding her face in Mary's boſom) how am I running on! Have I not reaſon to believe that Henry regards

gards me with the moſt perfect indifference? nay, that he has obſerved my growing attachment, and generouſly fearing to diſturb my repoſe, by the increaſe his preſence would probably give to it, chooſes to abſent himſelf from the friends he moſt loves, rather than encourage an affection he feels it impoſſible to return?

If that were the only obſtacle to your union (cried Mary ſmiling) I believe it might pretty eaſily be removed. I am confident that were Henry monarch of the world, and had a comfort to chuſe out of all the beauties it affords, that choice would fall upon my dear Juliana. Do not flatter me Mary, (ſaid ſhe, half riſing with a faint bluſh ſpread over her lovely face.) Remember it is more in my power to conquer my attachment to your brother now, than it may be when it has been longer indulged. I do but repeat (anſwered Mary) the

very words I have heard him ſpeak; though by repeating them, I offend againſt the ſtrict charge he gave me never to mention to any one alive what I heard him ſay about you. I will never, ſaid he, (the very day before he left us laſt,) diſturb her happineſs by the knowledge of my unfortunate love; nor will I, if poſſible, ever behold her again till I can think with patience of calling her ſiſter. Happy! happy brother, then! continued he, preſſing his hands firſt to his breaſt and then to his forehead; oh may he deſerve her, and then he will be happy indeed! Is it poſſible (cried Juliana) in a voice of mixed pleaſure and timidity, that you really heard him ſay this? Indeed I did (replied Mary,) and much more. I had often obſerved him gazing at your picture which hangs in my mother's dreſſing room, with ſuch earneſtneſs, that he ſeemed wholly to have forgotten there

was

was any thing elſe in exiſtence; and it was my rallying him upon one of theſe abſent fits, which firſt drew the ſecret from him. The reſolution (continued ſhe) which he has made of continuing at Oxford, did not at all ſurpriſe me; it was indeed exactly what I expected; for I could hardly hope that in ſo ſhort a time, he could ſo far have conquered his paſſion, as to be able to view you with compoſure in the ſuppoſed character of a ſiſter. But ſo well had my dear diſſembler diſguiſed her thoughts, that the chagrin and diſappointment ſhe could not help expreſſing upon that occaſion, firſt led me to ſuſpect that ſhe had ever entertained ſentiments in his favor more tender than thoſe I myſelf felt. Had you not made this confeſſion, dearly as I love him, nothing ſhould ever have prevailed upon me to have urged a ſingle word in his favor, even if he had

requeſted it, which was far from being the caſe; but ſince he is ſo happy as to merit in your eſteem ſo much good fortune, tell me what I ſhall do. Shall I write to him? I will undertake that three lines ſhall bring him from the academic ſhade; and that one of your ſweet ſmiles will baniſh from his mind every thought of a gown and caſſock, or even a mitre itſelf.

No, no, my dear Mary, (cried Juliana) let him paſs the ſummer according to his own plan; the affection that will not bear twelve months of abſence, will never endure an equal length of matrimony, which I take to be the ſeverer teſt of the two. Next ſummer we ſhall probably meet at Furze-Hill, and I ſhall then be better qualified, I hope, to judge for myſelf. It will be particularly agreeable to me, to obſerve what effect his endeavours to recover a ſtate of indifference will have upon his mind and affections;

affections; you muſt therefore promiſe me not to ſay a word that may induce him to ſee us again before that time, or lead him in the ſmalleſt degree to ſuſpect the regard I have acknowledged for him. But from my aunt (continued ſhe) I do not wiſh my ſentiments to be concealed; I am certain, however her generoſity may reject, her judgment will approve my reſolution, and that ſhe never will ſeriouſly wiſh me to prefer parade and ſuperfluity to true honour and happineſs.

So poor Henry muſt endure a whole year of hopeleſs conflict, (cried Mary) when five words might render him the happieſt man upon earth. It muſt certainly be as you think proper, and without your permiſſion he never ſhall from me receive the moſt diſtant intimation of his good fortune. But indeed my dear cuz muſt give me leave to think ſhe indulges a little female tyranny.

tyranny. You intirely miſtake my motive (replied our heroine;) you cannot more than myſelf deſpiſe that inſincere idle vanity, which you diſtinguiſh by the appellation of female tyranny. But ſurely I am not blameable for endeavouring, by every poſſible means, to convince myſelf that I poſſeſs the ſettled affections of the man, upon whom I wiſh to beſtow my hand; and what the world ſeems to conſider as of ſtill more importance, my fortune. Let him therefore have an opportunity of doing every thing in his power to conquer an attachment which he now believes to be ſo ſtrong: if he ſucceeds I will endeavour to follow his example; if otherwiſe, I ſhall have reaſon to look forward to as much happineſs as a ſtate of uncertainty is capable of affording. What indeed can I deſire more than to be the daughter of Mrs. Maitland, the ſiſter of my dear Mary, and I will venture

ture to add, the wife of the moſt amiable and pleaſing man in the world!

Since I find you ſo fixed, (ſaid Mary, pulling a ſmall letter-caſe out of her pocket,) and that I run no hazard of hurting your future intereſts by ſtrengthening your attachment to my brother, I will venture to ſhew you a ſonnet, which he wrote while he was laſt with us. If you do not admire it for the merit of the compoſition, it is at leaſt a ſtrong proof of his paſſion. He now courts that retirement, which in the beginning of his love he avoided; and like a true enamorato, drinks large draughts of the ſweet poiſon which kills his peace. But judge for yourſelf. So ſaying, ſhe preſented a ſmall paper to Juliana, upon which theſe lines were written.

ELEGIAC SONNET.

TO SOLITUDE.

Silent goddeſs of the vale,
Friend of truth and virtue, hail!
Oft, the woodland wilds among,
I woo thee with my ſweeteſt ſong;
Come, with gentle, fearleſs mien,
Chearful ſmile, and eye ſerene;
Well pleas'd, with Peace and thee I'll rove,
Thro' tangled dell or moſſy grove:
But when by ſorrow's load oppreſs'd,
When memory pains my trembling breaſt;
Far from thy dangerous haunts I'll fly,
Sad nurſe of Senſibility!
Leſt fond regret, and tender, pleaſing care,
Become diſtraction wild, or helpleſs, lorn deſpair.

A tear which fell from the bright eye of our heroine, was the only compliment ſhe paid to this little performance; and it is probable that had its author been ſecretly preſent, he would not have wiſhed for any other. She carefully folded it up, and inſtead of returning

returning it to Mary, placed it in her own pocket-book. Then riſing with an expreſſion of much ſatisfaction diffuſed over her fine countenance, ſhe ſaid, her aunt would wonder where they were; and taking hold of her couſin's arm, who ſince the little confidential converſation which had paſſed between them, appeared more than ever her friend and ſiſter, they deſcended together to the parlour; the heart of Juliana being much lighter than when ſhe quitted it, and that of Mary quite delighted with the proſpect of felicity which awaited her favorite brother.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PLAN COMPLETED.

THE moment Mrs. Maitland retired to her dreſſing-room ſhe was followed by her daughter, who requeſting the favour of a few moments private converſation with her, and telling James that ſhe would aſſiſt her mother to undreſs, as ſoon as they were alone, related all that had paſſed between her couſin and herſelf; concluding with ſaying, that ſhe hoped her mother would not oppoſe an inclination which promiſed ſo much happineſs to them all, but on the contrary forward an union which would be founded upon reaſon, ſentiment, and mutual affection, rather than one which could only have vanity and intereſt for its baſis.

Mrs.

Mrs. Maitland was ſilent a few moments; then, addreſſing her daughter, What you tell me, my dear, (ſaid ſhe) is no more than a confirmation of what I have for ſome time paſt ſuſpected, and what the countenance and behaviour of your couſin this morning put almoſt beyond a doubt. I am not inſenſible to the great advantage and happineſs which are likely to accrue to my family from her perſeverance in the reſolution ſhe has formed; I know that from his temper, manners, and I fear I muſt add diſpoſition and underſtanding, as well as affections, Henry deſerves her better than George; and that in an union between two young perſons ſo uncommonly amiable, and ſo ſtrongly attached to each other, every poſſible degree of human happineſs may be expected. Yet there is ſomething wrong, ſomething that withholds my conſent, which ſeems to demand my

oppoſition.

oppoſition. She was proceeding, when the door gently opened, and with a half fearful, half reſolute air, our heroine entered.

What is it, ſaid ſhe, (approaching Mrs. Maitland) that my dear aunt thinks it ſo neceſſary to oppoſe? not, I truſt, the happineſs of her Juliana! No, my love, (replied her aunt) that, could the means of inſuring it be clearly aſcertained, I would promote to the very utmoſt of my power. It may not be eaſy (anſwered Juliana) to aſcertain the means of happineſs, but its contrary may certainly be diſtinguiſhed. All that I have to requeſt of my dear more than mother, is, that ſhe will not preſs me to violate the ſenſe I feel of virtue, rectitude, and honour; nor, for the ſake of poſſeſſing what only the vain and ſordid part of the world account valuable, wiſh me to give up the ſatisfaction of acting in

conformity

conformity to the dictates of my own heart, and the excellent precepts I have with ſo much pleaſure learned from her. Heaven forbid (replied Mrs. Maitland) that I ſhould preſs my dear child to act in oppoſition to that ſtrong ſenſe of right which I know her own excellent heart entertains! But I would not at preſent wiſh her to reſolve upon any thing, except a ſteady adherence to thoſe principles which have been ſo happily implanted. You are yet very young, and have ſeen too little of the world to judge by compariſon, the ſureſt way to judge the merits of any particular perſon. You have, in the courſe of next ſummer, promiſed to pay a viſit to your mother and Mrs. Mordant: Lady Harland and her daughters will expect the ſame compliment: at their houſes you will ſee a variety of perſons of all diſpoſitions and manners; you will meet with many

many admirers, many who will endeavour to engage your affections, among whom you may poſſibly find ſome one more perfectly agreeable to you than any you have yet known. What, therefore, I would requeſt of my dear Juliana is, a promiſe that ſhe will take no reſolutions, or enter into any engagements whatever with any perſon, till ſhe has made this neceſſary experiment, without which ſhe can with no certainty judge even of her own ſincerity, and ſtill leſs of what ſhe may hereafter eſteem amiable and pleaſing.

I can eaſily promiſe (replied our heroine, ſmiling) to make no new reſolutions: but I will, in every thing that lies within my power, be guided by my dear aunt, and, without reſerve, give her my promiſe to comply with the latter part of her requeſt.—That (replied Mrs. Maitland) is all I aſk. Your own underſtanding and delicacy will

ſecure

ſecure you from the misfortune of placing your affections upon an unworthy object; and I intirely agree with you, in thinking that, to a woman of your conſiderable expectations, worthineſs of mind, and agreeableneſs of manners, ſhould influence choice, rather than rank or fortune; though I would wiſh you to pay a proper regard to both, not ſo much for their own value, as the proofs they enable their poſſeſſors to give of diſintereſted attachment. Had your inclinations coincided with the wiſh of your father, it would have given me great ſatisfaction; but, as that is not the caſe, I ſhall never urge you to what muſt render you unhappy: for it hath ever been my opinion, that, if there is in the courſe of human events one more productive of miſery than another, it is a marriage void of eſteem and affection. Yet do not (continued Mrs. Maitland)

Maitland) imagine that I believe romantic love neceſſary to conjugal felicity; on the contrary, I have obſerved that it generally deſtroys rational happineſs, by raiſing expectations which humanity is not calculated to realize. I think thoſe marriages moſt likely to be comfortable, where there is a certain equality or balance of advantages, ſo as to leave neither parties unreturnably obliged to the other. Such obligations oftener diſguſt than endear; we ſeldom, in marriage, ſee affection the offspring of gratitude.

Juliana ſighed, kiſſed her aunt with filial affection, and ſaying ſhe would not longer intrude upon her repoſe, quitted the apartment and retired to her own, where in a few minutes ſhe was joined by Mary. Little paſſed between them, our heroine being too delicate to begin upon the ſubject neareſt to her heart, and unable to ſpeak

on

on any other; and her couſin having been requeſted by Mrs. Maitland to indulge her as little in ſuch kind of converſations as poſſible. This reſtraint, however, could not long continue between two young perſons who intirely loved each other, and had from infancy been accuſtomed to unreſerved intimacy and confidence. Our heroine, though poſſeſſed of the trueſt refinement of heart and ſentiment, had little of that falſe delicacy which repreſents ſincerity as a breach of propriety. Her diſpoſition was of the moſt frank and open kind, and as her every wiſh was regulated by honour and rectitude, ſhe felt no fear of diſcovery, being conſcious of no thought which would cauſe a bluſh upon the cheek of purity itſelf. She believed herſelf ſincerely beloved by Henry, and that it was impoſſible ſhe could ever meet with another who could in any degree intereſt her affec-

tions. She wiſhed to be the daughter of Mrs. Maitland, the ſiſter of her beloved Mary; and thought that, next to literally obeying the will of her deceaſed father (which ſhe knew he would not have wiſhed her to do at the expence of her future happineſs) ſhe ſhould comply with the ſpirit of it, by dividing her large fortune between nephews whom he had ſo long loved, and conſidered as his own ſons. The greatneſs of that fortune made her feel a kind of merit, in throwing off a part of the reſerve, which, had Henry, in that particular, been her equal, ſhe would have thought it neceſſary to aſſume; and if at any time the delicacy of her mind alarmed her with apprehenſions of having too plainly acknowledged her attachment, ſhe was comforted by reflecting, that the merit of its object, their early intimacy, his declared affection, and her uncommon

regard

regard for, and obligations to, his excellent mother, all tended to excuſe a more than ordinary degree of openneſs: but this openneſs was confined to her aunt and couſin, to every other, even to Mrs. Williams, who poſſeſſed much of her affection and confidence, the moſt confirmed prude could not be more reſerved.

Notwithſtanding the long ſummer day and winter evening were apparently rendered ſhort by the attention which our heroine and her couſin paid to the means of improvement, which their preſent place of reſidence afforded, they began, as the ſeaſon advanced, to ſigh for thoſe innocent and rational pleaſures which their former one had beſtowed. Mrs. Maitland likewiſe would often expreſs the ſatisfaction which the thoughts of returning to Furze Hill afforded her. She had completed ſeveral plans of improve-

ment which had been projected by her huſband, the remembrance of whom, though attended with leſs pain, appeared every day to become more and more dear to her. She loved every ſpot for which he had expreſſed any degree of fondneſs; felt a particular ſatisfaction in viſiting the cottages which he had built, in obſerving the growth of the trees which he had planted, or in converſing with thoſe perſons who had enjoyed moſt of his intimacy. Her regret, inſtead, as is commonly the caſe, of driving her from every object which brought to her remembrance thoſe days of happineſs, the loſs of which occaſioned it, endeared them to her heart; and thoſe affections which are ſometimes uſeleſsly buried in the grave of a beloved perſon, or ſtill oftener diſſipated upon forced, unintereſting amuſements, were, in her, divided between thoſe whom nature and duty had

had given a right to ſhare them; and the return they made to her maternal cares and tenderneſs, together with the moſt pleaſing of all reflections, that of being uſeful to thoſe moſt dear to her, had ſoothed her mind into ſuch a ſtate of tranquil peacefulneſs, as enabled her to enjoy every calm and rational enjoyment.

Mary had ſeveral favorites at Furze-Hill, who ſhe feared might ſuffer by her long abſence. She had an aviary, in which a conſiderable number of beautiful little muſicians inhabited; the feeding of whom, and contriving every poſſible means of rendering their confinement eaſy and pleaſant, was one of her moſt agreeable amuſements. The green-houſe was likewiſe under her particular direction; and ſhe had left it full of the fineſt as well as moſt numerous collection of plants that the neighbourhood could boaſt. She was

the patroneſs of a conſiderable number of bees; and by means of boxes, which were made to communicate with each other, obtained a conſiderable quantity of their delicious ſtores, without injury to its careful and induſtrious gatherers. She was very attentive to ſupply the quarter of the garden, in which they were placed, with a profuſion of aromatic herbs and flowers; and would often ſtand, without the leaſt fear of being moleſted, to obſerve,

> The ſinging maſon building roofs of gold,
> The civil citizen kneading up the honey,
> The poor mechanick porters crowding in
> Their heavy burthens at the narrow gate.

As for Juliana, ſhe was not ſo fond of what is commonly called favorites as her couſin, though ſhe derived much pleaſure from all Mary's employments. She was generally uſed to accompany her when ſhe went to feed her birds,

or

or direct the watering of her greens; and had ſown many a bed of mignionet for the benefit of the bees, though ſhe was not fond of truſting herſelf very cloſe to their hives. She was not, however, without her pets; there were two or three pretty little ſenſible children, belonging to ſome of the neighbouring cottagers, whom ſhe had taken under her entire protection; for whoſe maintenance, clothes and ſchooling ſhe regularly provided. She likewiſe allowed a ſalary to a decent old man and woman, who were better than commonly qualified for the taſk, to inſtruct all the children who were regularly ſent upon Sundays, and a certain number every day. She gave the conſtant Sunday ſcholars a comfortable warm new dreſs the beginning of every winter, conſiſting of a jacket and two petticoats of cloth, with the materials to manufacture, which ſhe had fur-

niſhed their parents, as well as paid them the uſual price for their labour. To the others, who were called Miſs Maitland's ſcholars, ſhe gave two ſuits of the ſame kind, one to be worn in ordinary, the other to be kept clean for Sundays, not chuſing to diſtinguiſh them from the reſt by any ſuperiority of appearance, leſt it ſhould create vanity; that ſeed ſo eaſily ſown, and ſo quickly matured in the breaſt of ignorance. She had drawn up a code of laws to be adminiſtered in this little ſociety, of which ſhe conſidered herſelf as the head, and the regulation of which had taken up much of her attention. Though at her quitting the country, ſhe had left the ſtricteſt and moſt exact orders concerning it, ſhe feared to find it relaxed in its diſcipline, and leſſened in its uſefulneſs; and often declared, ſhe longed to return to Furze-Hill, if it were only to ſuper-

intend

intend her ſchool. But ſhe had other motives for wiſhing that return; motives which were almoſt concealed from herſelf.

The long vacation was approaching; and in a few months after its commencement, ſhe would be at age; a ſeaſon, to the arrival of which, few who expect to poſſeſs eight thouſand pounds a year, feel any very ſtrong objection. She could not, however, look forward to the diſpoſal of it without apprehenſion; as the time of trial drew near, ſhe began to doubt of what had before appeared certain; ſhe began to think it was very probable, that her couſin had, before that time, intirely overcome the tranſient liking he had conceived for her: ſometimes ſhe would blame her own folly in riſking the loſs of what was ſo valuable to her, when ſhe might, poſſibly, have preſerved it, by permitting his ſiſter to

afford him juſt ſuch a degree of hope as would have ſerved to feed an attachment, which ſhe feared was too weak to ſubſiſt upon itſelf: At others, ſhe would congratulate herſelf upon the ſecrecy ſhe had enjoined and preſerved, and rejoice in the reflection, that whatever ſhe ſuffered in her own heart, that heart alone was acquainted with thoſe ſufferings; for though ſhe had not ſcrupled to acknowledge a regard for her couſin Henry to his mother and ſiſter, who ſhe had always conſidered as her own, ſhe believed ſhe never had diſcovered half the ſtrength of her affections; ſhe never had confeſſed that her happineſs depended upon the return he made to that regard, or that ſhe chiefly valued her large fortune, as it might contribute to render her more acceptable to him and his family. Theſe, indeed, were truths which her tongue had never declared; but her voice, her

countenance, her ſilence, had a thouſand times proclaimed them; and theſe expreſſive informers ſpoke a language which thoſe who beſt loved her, and were moſt intimately acquainted with the delicate ſincerity of her diſpoſition, well underſtood.

Mrs. Maitland and Mary were ſcarce leſs anxious than herſelf for the event of circumſtances, upon which the happineſs of perſons they ſo much loved, ſo greatly depended. They had little doubt of Henry's continued attachment to a woman ſo every way formed to inſpire and preſerve eſteem and affection, but deſirous as they were of promoting every thing that might inſure, or contribute to his future felicity, they could hardly think themſelves juſtified in wiſhing her to retain a partiality, which would ſubject her to ſuch a loſs of fortune, and deprive her of the rank and conſequence in life,

which that, together with her beauty, underſtanding, and accompliſhments, gave her ſo juſt a right to expect.

Thus uncertain, not only of future events, but even of their preſent wiſhes, Mrs. Maitland and her fair wards, from all theſe motives, waited with impatience for the time they had, by mutual conſent, appointed for their return to Furze-Hill; that time, which was the beginning of April, at length arrived. The objects which had ſo long detained them from it were fully accompliſhed; not maternal anxiety itſelf could form a deſire beyond the taſte, elegance, and eaſe, with which the amiable couſins executed all thoſe branches of polite female education, upon which ſo much, in the preſent day, is thought to depend. Their acquirements did not, however, ſtop at ordinary degrees of excellence; on the contrary, what the generality of young people

people account their higheſt attainments, were conſidered by them only as pleaſing, ſuperficial decorations, having been early taught to eſteem the cultivation of manners, underſtanding, and diſpoſition, as a taſk of much greater difficulty and importance than that of what the modern world ſtiles accompliſhments. Thoſe excellences, the reputation of which ſo many, by parade and pretence, endeavour to attain, were by them really poſſeſſed; and that noble, unaffected ſimplicity of heart, which at once dignified and ſoftened their every word and action, added to their other charms a pleaſing attractive ſingularity, which the moment they appeared, never failed to diſtinguiſh them from thoſe common beauties, whoſe taſte extends no further than the adornment of their perſons, and whoſe knowledge is confined

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to the fashonable topic of the day, and an exact acquaintance with the received forms and newest innovations of etiquet.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE RETURN.

THE pleasure which we derive from inanimate objects, is greater than the vanity of many will allow them to acknowledge. Men may be stiled citizens of the world, and value themselves upon a perfect freedom from all local prejudices and attachments; but few can divest their minds of a certain partial fondness, either for the place of their birth, where they have spent

ſpent the days of youthful freedom and activity, or enjoyed the more matured pleaſures of ſocial communication or philoſophic eaſe. There is ſome place or other upon which almoſt every man thinks with particular ſatisfaction or regret, according to the circumſtances of his removal from it, the probability of his return, or the changes of things and perſons it may have undergone ſince thoſe events took place, which firſt ſtamped its image upon his remembrance. Furze Hill was this favourite ſpot in the minds of Mrs. Maitland, her daughter, and our heroine, who, as they drew near to it, felt ſenſations not eaſily to be deſcribed. The pleaſure of the former was ſtrongly tinctured with a ſorrowful remembrance, which in ſpite of her natural firmneſs and reſigned piety, would ſometimes diſturb that equality of mind for which ſhe was remarkable. Theſe

uneaſy

uneaſy moments were however of ſhort continuance; that piety and reſignation, though they did not raiſe her above humanity, calmed its diſcontents, and ſoftened all the numerous pains and diſappointments which, in the moſt eligible, as well as the moſt depreſſed ſituation, it is heir to.

Juliana was divided between ſecret hope and fear, of what would be the conſequence of her return. She conſidered the events of the approaching ſummer as what were to fix her future happineſs, or ſubject her to uneaſineſs and vexations, which would require the utmoſt exertion of her pride and reſolution to conquer. As for Mary, her expectations were all of the pleaſureable kind; her mind, perfectly at eaſe, and free from the apprehenſions of evil, was open to the perception of every delight: not a pleaſing view, a ſnug cottage, or a well-formed tree,

was

was paſſed without furniſhing matter for her obſervation, and the chearfulneſs of her diſpoſition diſſipated the gloom which frequently clouded that of her fellow travellers. By her aſſiſtance, they all arrived at Furze Hill in good ſpirits. They had ſlept one night upon the road, and arrived at the end of their journey the following evening, where they found every thing in the higheſt ſtate of preparation, and completely ready for their reception.

The following morning was by each devoted to inquiries concerning the particular objects of their attention. Mrs. Maitland had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing all her plantations in the moſt healthful and thriving ſtate, and the ſmall ornamented farm that ſurrounded her houſe, of which, it having been intirely laid out by her huſband, ſhe was extremely fond, in the higheſt ſtate of cultivation and beauty that the

the ſeaſon would admit of. She next began to inquire into the ſtate of her neighbourhood, by which my readers will poſſibly expect to hear that ſhe aſked, If Lady Fanciful was recovered from the nervous diſorder under which ſhe had ſo long laboured? If Miſs Bloomfield was married? Whether the quarrel between Sir Fretful Fickle and Mr. Greenwood was yet made up? If Mr. Parapet had finiſhed his new houſe? or Lord Gloſsly completed the fine piece of water he was making when ſhe left the country? But not one of theſe intereſting circumſtances had yet occurred to her memory; her preſent attention was engaged by a different rank of acquaintance. Her firſt queſtion was, Whether old Jane, one of the moſt ancient women in the country, was ſtill alive? Whether ſhe enjoyed the ſame good ſtate of health ſhe was accuſtomed to? and if her houſe-

houſekeeper had regularly given her the weekly allowance ſhe had aſſigned for her during her abſence? If another poor woman who had, a few days before ſhe left the country, been the mother of twins, had been able to rear them; and if the things ſhe had ordered to be made for them were properly done, and made large enough? Whether the two idiot children of another poor family were ſtill living; and if their parents appeared ſatisfied with the ſum ſhe had directed to be paid monthly for their maintenance? In ſhort, the ſick, the maimed, the blind, the aged, and every one, within the ſphere of her influence, who could be properly ranked among the unfortunate, felt the comfortable effects of her benevolence, and were endeared to her by the power ſhe poſſeſſed of ſerving them. Her inquiries were ſoon ſucceeded by viſits which ſhe paid round the

the neighbourhood, accompanied by her fair young friends. They never left the habitation where induſtry reſided, without encouraging its exertions; or withdrew themſelves from ſcenes of diſtreſs, till they had in ſome degree ſoothed and relieved thoſe that ſuffered under its preſſure.

Juliana, beſides the general objects of her kindneſs and liberality, was particularly intereſted in her ſchool, which ſhe had the ſatisfaction to find had been conducted by the ſuperintendants with the ſtricteſt regard and adherence to the rules and directions ſhe had left for their regulation; that her ſcholars behaved as well, and improved as faſt, as ſhe could reaſonably expect; and that ſhe had every cauſe to hope that the inſtitution would, in its effects, be extenſively uſeful to the whole country.

Poor

Poor Mary was the only one who ſuffered any conſiderable diſappointment in her expectations. Her birds were half deſtroyed from the ſeverity of the laſt winter; few that were not natives of the climate, or of one ſubject to equal degrees of cold, being left alive. Her green-houſe had equally ſuffered from the ſame cauſe; many of the plants which ſhe accounted moſt valuable being dead, and a ſtill greater number making a very bare and ragged appearance. Nor had her bees eſcaped the general depredation; ſhe found the greateſt part of the hives empty.

As few of the neighbouring families ſpent their winters in the country, the inhabitants of Furze Hill were for near two months almoſt wholly uninterrupted, by that moſt impertinent of all intruſions upon thoſe who know how to diſpoſe of time, common place viſitants.

tants. As May advanced, the gayeſt appearance of nature began to clothe every tree and ſhrub; the fields put forth a ſoft and verdant carpet, more beautiful to the ſight, and delicately ſoft to the tread, than the richeſt which the looms of Perſia afford. Every hedge exhaled the ſweeteſt perfume, and the melodious thruſh, with ſounds of liquid ſoftneſs, ſeemed to celebrate the returning ſeaſon of gladneſs. Even luxury itſelf, that deſtroyer of taſte, feeling and enjoyment, perceived its inchanting influence; the cities opened wide their gates, and the gilded coaches which were wont to rattle from ſtreet to ſtreet, now roll in a cloud of duſt through the turnpike road, bearing the half worn-out ſons and daughters of diſſipation from their beloved winter haunts, where fatigue is miſtaken for pleaſure, folly for ſpirit, impertinence for wit, pretence for information,

mation, and etiquet for politeneſs, in ſearch of nature; to the enjoyment of which every thing that is exactly oppoſite to their diſpoſitions of mind and body is neceſſary.

Mrs. Maitland and her family truly enjoyed the beauties that ſurrounded them. Their minds, harmonized by reaſon and virtue, were in uniſon with nature, and made a part of that delightful whole, which, joining in one great chorus of praiſe and thankfulneſs to its bountiful Creator, angels may behold with benignant pleaſure, and, allowing for errors and imperfections, pronounce it good.

This calm ſtate of enjoyment was however ſoon interrupted. They were returned one fine evening from Burnet Lodge, where the eldeſt brother of Mrs. Maitland (the old gentleman having been ſome years dead) and a very amiable lady of conſiderable fortune whom

whom he had married, then reſided; when Juliana's maid preſented a letter to her lady, and a note to her aunt, ſaying they were brought by a ſervant of Sir George Maitland's, who was then in the houſe waiting their commands. She added, that he told her his maſter had, by appointment, met Mr. Mordant's family at Paris, where he had ſpent the winter, and that they, together with Lady Maitland, were all ſafely arrived at Mordant-Place.

Mrs. Maitland was ſomewhat ſurprized to hear that her ſon had ſpent his winter in Paris inſtead of Rome, where he had informed her it was his intention to reſide during its continuance; as likewiſe at his returning ſo many months ſooner than he had reſolved to do, when he quitted England, and giving up an object of ſo much pleaſure as a tour through Switzerland, to the performance of which

which ſhe knew he had deſtined the three next months. She opened his letter, expecting to be acquainted with his motives for this change of plan, but found that it contained a mere enquiry after her health, and a promiſe of waiting upon her as ſoon as he could poſſibly diſengage himſelf from the Mordants, with whom he purpoſed to ſtay only a few days longer. Juliana's letter was from Lady Maitland, claiming, in the name of herſelf and friends, the viſit ſhe had engaged to give them that ſummer; and preſſing that, if nothing particular rendered it inconvenient, ſhe would favour them with her company that very week, as Mrs. Mordant had ſome engagements towards the latter part of the ſummer, which would put it out of her power to receive her.

Our heroine readily conſented to attend her mother at the time ſhe re-

requeſted, having no engagements which would make one part of the ſummer preferable to another for ſuch a purpoſe; and ſhe was not ſorry, by paying this viſit ſo early, to prevent a probability of being abſent during any part of the approaching vacation. Mrs. Maitland could not help obſerving, that it was rather extraordinary in Lady Maitland to appoint the very time for her daughter's viſit to Mordant Place, which Sir George purpoſed to ſpend at Furze-Hill. She poſſeſſed much penetration, and could not help ſuſpecting that deſign, not accident, had planned the arrangement; to which however ſhe made no objection, reſolving to ſet things take their own courſe, being too well acquainted with Juliana's reſolution and ſincerity of diſpoſition, to believe that any conſiderable change would take place in her intentions and future conduct, from the circumſtances of

of a viſit ſhe appeared little diſpoſed to prolong, or even to make at all, could ſhe have declined it with propriety.

Mrs. Maitland returned, in anſwer to her ſon's note, an aſſurance of the ſatisfaction it would give her to ſee him, and a congratulatory compliment to the friends he was then with, upon their ſafe return from the Continent. Juliana's letter to her mother likewiſe contained a ceremonial congratulation of the ſame kind, and a promiſe to attend her and Mrs. Mordant upon one of the firſt three days in the following week. This mode of fixing the time of her viſit ſhe choſe, as ſhe thought it would afford her an opportunity of leaving Furze-Hill upon the very day on which Sir George Maitland arrived at it; wiſhing, by this means, to convince him, that her ſociety could not be leſs deſired by him than was his by her. She gave directions to her maid

and footman to have every thing in readineſs for her departure at an hour's notice; and when Monday arrived, ſhe waited with ſome impatience for his appearance, in order to give him this proof of her perfect indifference. The day, however, paſſed without his arrival, and the evening of the next approached. Mrs. Maitland began to think that he had, in ſome degree, recollected himſelf, and that he waited at Mordant-Place till ſhe came, fearing to loſe the opportunity of ſeeing her, by quitting it the ſame day upon which ſhe might begin her journey to it. Juliana would, by no means, ſuppoſe this; ſhe was rather inclined to believe, that he meant to pay her the very compliment ſhe intended for him, by leaving the houſe upon the day on which ſhe entered it. They were debating this point, when Sir George's travelling chaiſe drove to the door; and they ſaw him

him alight, accompanied by a handſome faſhionable young man, whoſe ſtriking reſemblance to his family, rendered the announcement of his name unneceſſary.

Sir George and his companion ſtopped ſome minutes at the door, giving directions to their ſervants, before they entered, not expreſſing any of that vulgar impatience to ſee mothers, ſiſters, aunts and couſins, about which, in the days of our anceſtors, ſuch a fuſs was made. The Baronet at length advanced, and ſaluted his mother with an air of graceful reſpect; then turning towards our heroine and Mary, In theſe young ladies (ſaid he) I apprehend I am juſtified in claiming a ſiſter and couſin, but I muſt acknowledge myſelf defective in inſtinct, as well as memory; for I proteſt I do not, at this moment, recollect which of them I ought to addreſs by the neareſt

title of conſanguinity. You muſt then permit me, my love, (ſaid Mrs. Maitland) to renew Sir George's recollection. This is Miſs Maitland, Sir, (continued ſhe, taking hold of Juliana's hand;) I believe you are among the firſt who have ever known, and afterwards forgotten her. Sir George coloured a little at this reproof from a mother, whoſe conduct and underſtanding demanded his eſteem; and the unaffected dignity of whoſe manners, forced attention from modern inſenſibility itſelf. Inſtantly recovering, however, that apparent caſe, without which what is commonly called a man of faſhion would be a mere nothing, he bowed to our heroine with a half careleſs, half reſpectful air, and turning to Mary, ſaid, I need not then wait for an introduction to you; the title of brother is, I truſt, a ſufficient one. I ought to be offended, replied Mary, (drawing

(drawing herſelf up with a ſtately air) at your entire forgetfulneſs, and inform you, that it is the firſt time I was ever miſtaken for your ſiſter; if, upon a ſecond view, you can ſee no difference which ought to diſtinguiſh us from each other, I forgive your error, and will join in the laugh which I preſume Mrs. Maitland intended to raiſe at your expence. Mrs. Maitland, immediately perceiving her daughter's deſign, ſaid, with a ſmile, And were you really deceived George? Is it poſſible that leſs than three years can ſo wholly have obliterated Miſs Maitland and Mary from your remembrance, that you can really have taken the one for the other? Had poor Juliana and I ſet our hearts upon your retaining a very lively idea of us, (cried our heroine) how great would have been our diſappointment! Would you not have been a little affected, if you had ſeen

us burſt into tears? Oh, no, (exclaimed Mary) my couſin is too much the man of ton for that; a modern man, who feels any thing, is no longer a modern man. Then (anſwered Juliana) I pronounce that Sir George is no longer one; for I will venture to pronounce, that he feels ſurpriſe and vexation at this moment.

It was, indeed, eaſy to perceive that the Baronet felt both in a conſiderable degree. He had taken it into his head, before his leaving England, to conſider his couſin and ſiſter as little better than mere country girls; and the accounts he had lately received of them from Lady Maitland and the Mordants, having confirmed this opinion, and rather led him to expect to find what he choſe to call their ruſticity increaſed than leſſened, nothing could be more unlooked for than the ſatirical gaiety with which he had been received by them,

and

and the eaſy manner in which his abſurd affectation had been ridiculed. Mrs. Maitland obſerving his mortification, took hold of her daughter's hand, and preſenting her to him, You muſt pardon this ſally of your ſiſter's, George, (ſaid ſhe;) had you acted as your own good ſenſe ſhould have directed, you would have eſcaped the mortification of becoming an object of ridicule to two young perſons, who being above affectation themſelves, cannot, without a mixture of pity and contempt, view it in another. This ſpeech, which was delivered with a mixture of mildneſs and ſpirit, did not tend to decreaſe Sir George's embarraſſment; nor was he more relieved, when Mary, holding out her hand with a ſmile, cried, Pardon me, my dear brother; I knew, by the firſt glance of your eye, that you perfectly recollected me, and that your pretended forgetfulneſs was

only an act of ſelf humiliation, performed in compliance with a modern notion, that the more numerous our natural defects are, the nearer we advance to the attainment of excellence. As Mary is polite enough to beg your pardon, (rejoined Juliana) I will be ſo gracious as to extend mine to you before you aſk, or poſſibly even wiſh for it; and aſſure you, that ſo far from being ſurpriſed to find that your memory is ſo much impaired, by having lately made the grand tour, I ſhould not wonder to hear that you were very nearly blind, deaf, and lame. Come, come, (cried Mrs. Maitland) you have made Sir George pay ſufficiently dear for one piece of folly, and we forget that he is not the only ſtranger we have to receive. You have not yet favored us with the name of your friend, (continued ſhe, turning to her ſon) but his countenance renders ſuch a ceremony unneceſſary;

unneceſſary; and I believe we may, without heſitation, addreſs him by that of Mordant.

The young ſtranger bowed with much reſpect, ſaying, he was particularly happy in attending Sir George Maitland, to have the honour of being introduced to a family, with the report of whoſe excellences he was already ſo much charmed. More, perhaps, (ſaid Juliana,) to whom the latter part of the ſpeech had been particularly addreſſed, than the reality will juſtify. I fear not, madam, (anſwered Mr. Mordant) with a ſoftened voice and look.

You muſt particularly allow me to introduce Mordant to you, Miſs Maitland, (ſaid Sir George, recovering from his late embarraſſment) not only as my friend, but your own relation. Juliana curteſied; and Mr. Mordant delivered an obliging meſſage from Lady Maitland, his mother and ſiſter, by

which they all joined in requeſting that ſhe would not forget the right ſhe had given them of expecting to ſee her the next day. She replied, that it was her intention to attend them at that time; adding, that ſhe meant to ſet out before ſix in the morning, as ſhe underſtood it was rather a long day's journey, and was not fond of ſleeping at an inn. She had ſcarce done ſpeaking, when Sir George turning half round upon his chair, in a reclining attitude, which he meant ſhould be graceful, ſaid he was very unfortunate in having appointed the time for his viſit at Furze-Hill, which he was to ſpend at Mordant-Place: to which ſhe replied, with the moſt unintereſted indifference, that ſhe underſtood his intention of reſiding ſome weeks with his mother, at the time ſhe fixed her going to Mordant-Place; adding, that ſhe ſhould ſtay with more ſatisfaction, from knowing that

that his company would make Mrs. Maitland amends for the loſs of one of her family.

The eyes of Mr. Mordant, which had ſcarce been take off Juliana's face ſince he entered the room, brightened at this reply, and he appeared to enjoy the Baronet's mortification, which, in ſpite of his utmoſt endeavours to the contrary, was viſible in his countenance. He addreſſed almoſt his whole diſcourſe to our heroine; told her how impatiently his family looked for her arrival; related many particulars of what happened to him while abroad, where he had been more than four years; many anecdotes of perſons of conſequence upon the Continent; and was what people in general eſteem, extremely entertaining.

When the hour of ſeparation for the evening arrived, Juliana would have taken leave of the whole company, except

except Mary, whoſe uſual hour of riſing was as early as that which ſhe had appointed for beginning her journey; but Mrs. Maitland begged ſhe would call at her chamber, where ſhe would order chocolate to be ſent, that ſhe might enjoy her company while ſhe was taking it. Upon her aſking Mr. Mordant if ſhe ſhould deliver any meſſage from him at Mordant-Place, he replied, that he hoped for the honour of delivering her ſafe there; adding, that the principal motive which had induced him to attend Sir George, was the hope of being permitted to eſcort her back in the morning, and that his ſervant had led his horſe for that purpoſe. Our heroine made no objection to a compliment, which ſhe knew nothing but the greateſt inattention could have prevented; and it was agreed, that at ſix the chaiſe ſhould be at the door. Juſt as ſhe was quitting

the

the room, Sir George, ſauntering up to her with a half yawn, ſaid, If I was not the idleſt being in exiſtence, my dear Miſs Maitland, I ſhould be aſhamed to take leave of you this evening; but you are too good to expect impoſſibilities. Juliana interrupted him with a ſmiling aſſurance, that he would diſtreſs her extremely, if he even talked of paying her ſo painful a compliment as that of riſing ſo much before the uſual time; and wiſhing him and the reſt of her friends a good night, retired to her apartment.

At the hour appointed, the chaiſe was at the door; and having taken the moſt affectionate leave of Mrs. Maitland and her dear Mary, our heroine ſtepped into it, followed by her maid, and attended by Mr. Albert Mordant, his footman and her own.

CHAP.

CHAPTER XIX.

POLITE CONVERSATION.

THEIR journey was as pleaſant as good horſes, excellent roads, and the beſt travelling accommodations of every kind could render it. About nine in the evening they arrived at Mordant-Place, where our heroine was received by the whole family with every demonſtration of pleaſure. Lady Maitland overwhelmed her with careſſes; Mr. and Mrs. Mordant appeared much delighted with her preſence; and even their daughter ſeemed inclined to throw off a part of her accuſtomary reſerve, and treat her in a polite, at leaſt, if not in a friendly manner.

As for young Mordant, he poſſeſſed a never failing flow of animal ſpirits, and that kind of good humour, which proceeds

proceeds from conſtitution. He talked a great deal, laughed more, was ever ready to promote any thing that bore the name of amuſement, and thought no trouble, or even fatigue too much, by which he could afford pleaſure to others. He was a great declared admirer of the female world, to whom he profeſſed himſelf intirely devoted; but this devotion, as well as his deſire to pleaſe and accommodate, was indiſcriminate and univerſal. He took as much pains to divert and entertain the plaineſt as the moſt beautiful; and, provided he could make the female part of the company laugh, did not appear to care much of whom it conſiſted, ſo that ſome obſervers did not ſcruple to affirm, that he was rather actuated by a deſire of gaining admiration himſelf, than by any particular complacency he felt for others. He was, however, a general favorite among the

the female circle who viſited at Mordant-Place, eſpecially the plain and antiquated part of it, and one of Lady Maitland's greateſt favorites; which particular regard he had obtained chiefly by rallying her about her ſuppoſed admirers, hiding her work-bag, teazing a large cat, of which ſhe was very fond, and ſuch other modes of entertainment as ſuited her diſpoſition and degree of underſtanding; and, in return for the conſtant inclination he ſhowed to divert her, ſhe always appeared willing to be diverted, laughed at all his jeſts, teazed him about his handſome face, and the number of conqueſts he made; compliments which he never failed to return in kind. Converſation, or rather talk, was never wanting when Albert was preſent; for when the favorite cat and the work-bag would no longer furniſh it, he was particularly ſkilled in what is commonly

monly called rhodomontade, or the art of extempore ſtory telling: he would invent long accounts of circumſtances which never happened, ſpeeches that never were made, or things that never had exiſtence; not with an intention to impoſe upon, or deceive, for his diſpoſition was open and guileleſs, but merely to excite the ſmile of the moment, which he ſeldom failed to do, few being ill-natured enough to refuſe ſuch a return to his unwearied endeavours to divert them. His father was fond of politics, and would rather have ſeen his ſon ſtudy than laugh; but Mrs. Mordant, though ſenſible, and not void of ambition, thought one politician was enough in a family; and, ſatisfied with ſeeing her ſon very handſome and much beloved, gave up the diſtinction of ſuperior talents without repining.

The

The evening of her arrival, our heroine was ſurpriſed, after the firſt ceremonies of reception were over, to ſee Albert turn to Lady Maitland, and with the graveſt countenance imaginable, tell her, that now ſhe had ſeen her daughter ſafe and well, he might venture to relate the very narrow eſcape ſhe had met with on the road; and then proceeded to give a minute account of the horſes taking fright, throwing the driver, leaping a turnpike gate, dragging the chaiſe after them, and of the extreme difficulty and danger with which he had ſtopped them, juſt as they were rapidly approaching a dreadful precipice, from which, had they fallen, ſhe muſt have inevitably have been daſhed in ten thouſand pieces.

As he proceeded, Lady Maitland appeared almoſt convulſed with terror; and, when he had quite concluded, begged

begged him, with much earneſtneſs, not to ſhock her by ſuch dreadful deſcriptions! I think, (cried Albert) you rather ought to thank me for preſerving your daughter. What return can you ever make me for ſuch a piece of gallantry? In my opinion you cannot do leſs than beſtow her upon me out of mere gratitude. I would aſk you to give me yourſelf, only that I fear it would break poor Lord Belford's heart. Giddy creature, (exclaimed Lady Maitland;) but, dear Juliana, were you not dreadfully frightened? I don't recollect where-abouts upon the road, between this place and Furze-Hill, this frightful precipice lies, down which Miſs Maitland was in ſuch imminent danger of being hurried; do tell us Albert, (cried Mrs. Mordant ſmiling.) Oh, exclaimed Albert, the road has been entirely changed ſince you were that way; inſtead of winding round

the

the foot of a hill, we now go ſtrait over it. Poh, poh! (cried Miſs Mordant, perceiving a ſmile upon Juliana's face) don't you ſee Albert is at one of his old ſtories? Aſk Miſs Maitland how many words of truth he has ſpoken. I really know nothing of the affair about which Mr. Mordant has been ſpeaking, (ſaid our heroine;) I thought we had had a very ſafe and pleaſant journey. Oh, you wicked wretch, (exclaimed Lady Maitland) how could you fright me ſo? Poſitively, I'll not forgive you this month. Nay, my dear Lady, (cried Albert, riſing from his chair, and ſeating himſelf in one next to her's) don't plunge me into abſolute deſpair, by making ſo cruel a reſolution! Come, come, I know you'll pardon me, (continued he, holding out his hand.) No, I won't (replied her Ladyſhip;) you don't deſerve pardon; does he, Juliana? Your Ladyſhip is a better

judge of his offence than any other can be, (anſwered our heroine) and in proportion to that, ſhould be his puniſhment. Then it ſhould be very ſevere, (ſaid Lady Maitland) for he really terrified me exceſſively. What ſhall I do to mitigate the fury of your reſentment? (cried Albert;) ſhall I finiſh this flower? (continued he, taking up a piece of embroidery;) I am ſure it would be charity to help you, for you have been about this piece of work at leaſt two years. Saucy creature, (cried ſhe) is that the way you take to gain my forgiveneſs? Come, don't be ridiculous, give me the work. Let me only juſt do this leaf; I'm ſure you'll know it from any other in the whole flower, (cried Albert, pretending to pull out the needle;) you don't know what a fine workman I am. Oh, no doubt, (anſwered her Ladyſhip) but I'll excuſe your giving a ſpecimen of your

your ſkill at the expence of my trimming. Poh, what does it ſignify, (cried he) it will be quite old faſhioned before it is finiſhed, and then I am ſure a lady of your taſte will never think of wearing it; it muſt be given to your woman; and what a great deal of pains will it have coſt you to work a trimming for Mrs. Cotten!

Here the converſation was interrupted by the announcement of ſupper, which had not been long over before our heroine requeſted to be ſhown to her apartment, being ſleepy after her journey. She was accordingly conducted to it by Miſs Mordant, who having, in a very obliging manner, begged that ſhe would conſider herſelf as at home, and command whatever the houſe contained, took her leave for the night, and Juliana committed herſelf to that ſweet repoſe, which only health and benevolence can enjoy.

Early

Early riſing was one of our heroine's particular pleaſures; ſhe ſeldom ſlept ſo late upon a ſummer morning as ſix o'clock, and was often a ſpectator of the riſing ſun, a ſcene which for beauty and grandeur far exceeds any thing that either of the theatres, or the opera houſe itſelf can exhibit. The truth of this bold aſſertion may be doubted by our faſhionable readers, unleſs returning from a ſplendid fête or ball given by a neighbouring perſon of diſtinction, during their months of baniſhment in the country, they ſhould have happened to behold this ſplendid object; but as much of the charms of what we behold, depends upon the diſpoſition of mind with which we view them, it is probable, that ſhould this have been the caſe, their exalted ſpirits would be ill ſuited to the enjoyment of ſuch glowing beauties; and that cloſing their aching eyes, they would content

themſelves with reflecting, that ſuch ruſtic ſights may be viewed by every clown, whereas coloured lamps, elegantly intermixed with roſes of red and white paper, are only to be ſeen by people of faſhion, and, conſequently, muſt be far preferable to any thing ſo vulgar and common.

Juliana was not of this opinion; having obſerved in the evening, that the windows of her chamber fronted the eaſt, ſhe drew up one of the curtains, that ſhe might enjoy the firſt beam that darted into it. She awoke ſoon after the firſt glow of reflected glory began to gild the neighbouring clouds. Having watched the progreſs of its riſing for ſome minutes, ſhe took her writing box, from which, having furniſhed herſelf with the proper materials, ſhe wrote a letter to Mrs. Maitland, and another to Mary, knowing how impatient they would be to hear

of

of her ſafety, it being the firſt time ſhe had ever been ſeparated from them for a ſingle night ſince ſhe became one of their family.

Having performed this taſk of duty and inclination, ſhe took a view from her window of the park, which ſurrounded Mr. Mordant's houſe, and which, from its fine inequalities of ground, rich verdure, and beautiful diverſities of light and ſhade, appeared ſo inviting, that ſhe reſolved to indulge herſelf with a nearer ſight of it. With ſome difficulty ſhe got out of the houſe at that early hour, none but a few of the inferior domeſtics being yet ſtirring. The delighful freſhneſs of the morning, the ſinging of the birds, and the pleaſing ſcenes around her, inſenſibly led her farther than ſhe at firſt intended to ſtroll; and ſhe found herſelf at the extremity of the park, which was an extenſive one, before ſhe

had reflected, that it was as far back to the houſe as it had been from thence to the ſpot ſhe then ſtood upon. But though ſhe began to feel herſelf fatigued, the beauty of that ſpot was too great to permit her to regret that ſhe was upon it. Mr. Mordant's park was, upon the ſide to which our heroine had ſtrolled, bounded by another, which appeared to be of ſtill greater extent, and to poſſeſs every beauty that grounds of that kind are capable of. She ſtood upon a ſwell, which commanded the view of a noble lake, the banks of which were well wooded and finely ſloped; the ground roſe from it with a graceful freedom, and its termination being concealed by the cloſing banks, deceived the beholder into a belief, that it had only taken the form of a river, and that it continued to flow through unknown diſtances. While ſhe was admiring the charms of this

this pleaſing ſcene, an elegant cabriole, drawn by four beautiful ponies, appeared in view, in which rode a gentleman and lady, who, as they approached, ſeemed to view her with ſurprize. The gentleman, who was young and handſome, took off his hat with much reſpect; and the lady, who appeared to be a very fine woman, of about middle age, bowed in the moſt obliging manner; to which Juliana returned a graceful curteſy. As they drove from her, ſhe ſaw the lady look back, in order to take another view of her; and, juſt as they turned out of ſight, obſerved her to kiſs her hand as a farewell compliment.

Juliana felt the ſtrongeſt deſire to be informed who the ſtrangers ſhe had juſt beheld were, eſpecially the lady, whoſe countenance, even from the ſhort view ſhe had of it, greatly intereſted her. There was ſomething peculiarly

culiarly pleaſing in the paſſing ſalutation ſhe had received from her; ſomething expreſſive of a degree of kindneſs and ſenſibility, which made her impatient to know more of the perſon who appeared to poſſeſs them. After ſitting a few moments upon a ſeat, which was placed under a large ſpreading oak, in order to mark the beautiful point of view we have juſt deſcribed, our heroine began to retrace the path by which ſhe had been led to it. She had not got more than half way back, when ſhe met young Mordant, who told her the whole houſe were in confuſion, his father ſwearing, his mother ſcolding, his ſiſter crying, and Lady Maitland in an hyſteric fit. Juliana, who from his voluble unconcern, eaſily perceived that he was beginning one of the ſame kind of diverting accounts with which he had the evening before entertained Lady Maitland,

Maitland, replied, by aſking with a ſmile, what had happened to affect the family ſo ſtrongly. What, (anſwered he) why, enough in conſcience; nothing leſs than the loſs of Miſs Maitland, one of the moſt beautiful, accompliſhed, and amiable young ladies of the age. And how came they to ſuſtain this dreadful misfortune? (replied ſhe, ſtill ſmiling,) Oh! (anſwered he) ſhe eloped this morning before ſix o'clock, took her way through the park, and has not ſince been heard of. It is ſuppoſed ſome happy-favoured lover is the companion of her flight; but nothing certain has yet tranſpired. You would really draw up a newſpaper paragraph admirably, (cried Juliana,) but I hope Mrs. Mordant is not waiting breakfaſt. I fear my ſtroll has taken up more time than I ſuſpected; for having left my watch in my chamber, I am quite unable to gueſs

at the hour. Neither Lady Maitland, my mother or ſiſter, were ſtirring when I left the houſe, (ſaid Albert,) nor will breakfaſt be ready for at leaſt an hour: if therefore you will give me leave, I will have the honour to ſhow you a part of the park, which I think better worth your ſeeing than that to which chance directed you. Juliana thanked him for his obliging offer, which, at a future opportunity, ſhe ſaid ſhe ſhould gladly accept; but at preſent ſhe found herſelf too much tired to walk any further.

Upon entering the breakfaſt-room, ſhe was ſurpriſed to ſee the whole family aſſembled, and every thing in readineſs for that ſocial meal, which only waited for her preſence. The ceremonies of a morning meeting being paſſed, ſhe turned to Albert, and aſked him why he had intended to deceive her by a falſe account of the

hour.

hour. Oh! my dear, (cried Lady Maitland,) you muſt not expect to eſcape Albert's wit; he ſpares nobody. Do you know that while we were ſitting here, expecting every moment to ſee you enter, he came into the room in a vaſt hurry, and told us you were gone off; that you ſtole out of your chamber before ſix o'clock, and had been watched to the end of the park, where a chariot and four, in which was a man muffled up in a large ſurtout, was in waiting, into which you ſtepped, and it drove away at full gallop. Upon calling your maid, (continued her Ladyſhip,) for we were ſilly enough to be ſeriouſly alarmed, ſhe confirmed the account of your leaving your chamber ſo early, and ſaid ſhe did not know where you were, but that upon your dreſſing-table ſhe had found two letters, one for Mrs. Maitland, and the other for your couſin

Mary. Our ſurprize and diſtreſs was ſo great, that at laſt out of mere compaſſion he told us the whole tale was a fiction, except your going early into the park, where, he had no reaſon to believe, you intended any thing more than a morning walk.'

And ſo, not content with frightening Lady Maitland, (ſaid Mrs. Mordant,) you have been teaſing your couſin; but Miſs Maitland has too much underſtanding to regard you. I thought, (replied her ſon,) that if I could have prevailed upon Miſs Maitland to take a walk with me to the other ſide of the park, inſtead of bringing her home, the purpoſe for which I was ſent, I ſhould have had the pleaſure of frightening you all once again; and if I could have contrived to prolong our walk for an hour, might during that time have enjoyed the credit of having realiſed the fiction by which

you

you were all ſo lately alarmed. You are a wicked creature! (exclaimed her Ladyſhip, a compliment which ſhe uſually paid him at leaſt twenty times a day.) I ſuppoſe you wonder how any lady could refuſe a requeſt made by ſo handſome a fellow as yourſelf. How happy would ſuch a compliment make Lord Belford, (cried Albert.) Now, do tell me, do you always intend to be cruel, or ſhall we have a wedding at laſt? Out of mere compaſſion to the reſt of the poor dogs, you ought to chuſe one of your admirers, and not keep them all in ſuſpenſe. Shall it be the noble peer before mentioned, or Sir Harry Windſor, or Colonel ——? Huſh, huſh! (rejoined Lady Maitland) what an opinion will Juliana have of me! ſhe will believe me to be a mere coquette. Miſs Maitland is not to learn that beautiful women will have lovers, (anſwered Albert.) I have no

doubt, but were her liſt to be produced for our inſpection, it would be found to contain as many names as your Ladyſhip's. What an intolerable rattle you are, brother, (cried Miſs Mordant.) By the time Miſs Maitland is a little better acquainted with you, ſhe will mind what you ſay as little as I do.

She had ſcarce pronounced theſe words when the door of the room was opened, and a ſervant announced Sir Charles Haſtings. An elegant looking man, of about five or ſix and thirty, immediately made his appearance, and ſaluting the company with an air of intimacy, was by Mrs. Mordant introduced to our heroine, who inſtantly knew him to be the ſame ſhe had two hours before ſeen in the cabriole with the lady whoſe appearance had ſo much intereſted her.

He

He was ſcarce ſeated, when Albert, turning to him, aſked if he had heard the news of the morning; to which he anſwered, that he had not heard any. Why, it is reported all over the neighbourhood, (ſaid Albert,) that Miſs Maitland, being violently taken with the beauty of my perſon, had this morning carried me forcibly off; that Lady Maitland, having had the ſame intentions, was half diſtracted with diſappointment; that Eliza had hired poſt-horſes, and was gone in purſuit of us; and that my papa and mama were in deſpair for the loſs of their boy. Strange wretch! (exclaimed Lady Maitland, laughing.) I know not whether Miſs Maitland has any thoughts of incurring the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the female world, by carrying you off (replied Sir Charles, with a ſmile,) but Lady Frances and myſelf were this morning upon the very point of running

ning away with her; a crime which, the ſtrength of the temptation conſidered, would in my opinion have deſerved to be ranked in the number of thoſe that have a juſt claim to mercy. Why, where did you ſee Miſs Maitland? (aſked Mrs. Mordant.) I am now convinced (replied Sir Charles) that it was ſhe I had the pleaſure of ſeeing this morning in the park; though, at the time, both my aunt and myſelf were inclined to believe that the poets had more than fiction upon which to found their tales of dryades and wood-nymphs, and that, though they ſeldom deſign to viſit the world in this iron age, we had been indulged with a ſight of the moſt beautiful of the whole ſiſterhood. Lady Frances has talked of nothing elſe ever ſince, and is impatient to be introduced to the fair divinity, if ſhe yet favours Mordant Place with her reſidence; which,

having

having the pleaſure of finding to be the caſe, I flatter myſelf that I ſhall obtain permiſſion for my amiable relation to approach her ſhrine. If (anſwered Juliana) the moſt grateful thanks of a very weak mortal can be conſidered as any return for ſo great an honour, I will beg of you to favour me, by preſenting mine to the Lady, and aſſuring her that I ſhall be happy in any opportunity ſhe will afford me, of perſonally offering my acknowledgments to her for it.

Suppoſe then (ſaid Sir Charles, turning to Mrs. Mordant) we look in upon you this afternoon? I am in haſte to introduce Lady Frances to Miſs Maitland; it is a pleaſure for the enjoyment of which ſhe ſhows more impatience than ever I knew her to expreſs upon any other occaſion. Mrs. Mordant aſſured him they ſhould be happy to ſee Lady Frances; adding, that ſhe did

did not doubt but Miſs Maitland's merits would at leaſt equal any expectations that could be formed of them. Oh, yes! (exclaimed Miſs Mordant,) I am ſure Miſs Maitland will be a prodigious favourite with your aunt; you know ſhe loves learned ladies, and I believe, if ſhe was not too polite to ſpeak her ſentiments, deſpiſes all others. If that is the caſe, (replied our heroine,) I muſt give up every hope of her favour: for there are few who can make leſs pretenſion to the palm of learning than myſelf, though I look up with reverence to thoſe who have obtained it. Lady Frances is no pedant, (anſwered Sir Charles,) nor does ſhe lay any claim to the title of learned; though few women, or perhaps I might ſay men, poſſeſs ſo much information and underſtanding as herſelf. There is, however, a ſcience upon which ſhe greatly values herſelf, and that is phyſiogonomy.

ſiognomy. Short as her view of Miſs Maitland was, ſhe has by this art diſcovered that ſhe is poſſeſſed of a multitude of amiable qualities; and, as I know how much ſhe wiſhes to be particularly acquainted with them, I will at preſent take my leave, in order to afford her the pleaſure of knowing that you will be at home in the afternoon. So ſaying, he bowed reſpectfully to the company, and withdrew, attended by Albert, who ſaid he would walk with him as far as the park gate.

He was no ſooner out of the room, than Lady Maitland exclaimed, What a whimſical creature Lady Frances Seward is! Certainly, it is but polite of her to viſit Juliana; but in what an odd manner ſhe does it! Any body but herſelf would have ſent a card of inquiry, and done things regularly: but that would not be her; ſhe muſt always act in a manner different from other

other people. I think Sir Charles is almoſt grown as formal and out of the way as herſelf (cried Miſs Mordant.) When he came from abroad, after the death of his father, I thought him a good pretty fellow; but he is ſo fond of his aunt, and thinks her ſo ſuperior to every body elſe, that he is by degrees grown juſt like her. If I were to eſtimate Lady Frances (ſaid Juliana) by that deſcription, I ſhould pronounce her to be a ſenſible, unaffected, pleaſing woman; for ſuch a man, if I may venture to judge from the very little I have ſeen of him, do I take Sir Charles Haſtings to be.

Your judgment of him (replied Lady Maitland) is indeed very favourable, and rather precipitate, I think, too. I hope I need not remind you, that men are not to be known in an hour, or that you have friends who will expect to be conſulted, before you beſtow your

your affections upon any body. I proteſt (cried Miſs Mordant) I cannot help thinking that rather unreaſonable, conſidering how little our affections are in our own power. Juliana could ſcarce help ſmiling at this little lecture upon prudence from her mother; ſhe however aſſured her, that her affections were in no danger of being ſurprized by Sir Charles Haſtings, for whom, ſuppoſing him to be all ſhe had mentioned, ſhe ſhould never feel more than eſteem. Mrs. Mordant ſaid, ſhe thought Sir Charles a man that any grave lady might like, unleſs it was true, that they generally admired their oppoſites. If that be the caſe (ſaid Miſs Mordant) I think Albert ſtands a good chance of gaining Miſs Maitland's favour. So you do me the honour (replied our heroine) to rank me in the dignified claſs of grave females. I perceive how true it is, that every thing owes its

character

character to compariſon; at Furze Hill I was not complimented with any ſuch appellation. It is eaſy, indeed, (anſwered Lady Maitland,) to be gay in compariſon with your good aunt, Mrs. Clement, or Mrs. Williams: as for Mary ſhe's a fine girl, and would do very well, if ſhe was permitted to ſee a little of the world. My aunt (replied Juliana with ſome warmth) is far from wanting cheerfulneſs, or any thing elſe that is worthy and amiable. She does too much honour to a ſtate of widowhood to admit of exceſſive gaiety, nor does her natural diſpoſition lead to it; but ſhe poſſeſſes what is greatly more valuable and pleaſing, a calm, equal, and ſweet temper. She was prevented from ſaying more, by the recollection, that the juſt teſtimony ſhe was bearing to the merits of her beloved aunt, implied a tacit reproach to her mother, whoſe whole character

and

and conduct had been, in every ſtate, exactly the reverſe of Mrs. Maitland's. The conſcious ſilence of her Ladyſhip made Juliana repent having ſaid ſo much, though it was not half of what her heart would have dictated: the praiſe of her guardian, her ſecond parent, the only one whoſe care or tenderneſs ſhe had ever experienced, was a ſubject ſhe could never exhauſt, and upon which ſhe always dwelt with delight; but little as ſhe could prevail upon herſelf to love a mother, whoſe diſpoſition and manners every hour gave her pain, ſhe could not endure the thought of hurting or diſpleaſing her, and the apprehenſion of having done both upon this occaſion gave her real uneaſineſs.

Little more converſation paſſed till Albert's return, who entering with his uſual ſpirits, exclaimed, Well, Miſs Maitland, you muſt not ſuppoſe me jeſting,

jeſting, when I tell you, that you have made a compleat conqueſt of Sir Charles; he can ſpeak of nothing but you, think of nothing but you, and I am much miſtaken if he will for the reſt of his life dream of any thing but you. Bleſs me, brother, (cried Miſs Mordant,) I didn't think Sir Charles ſo ſubject to ſudden prepoſſeſſions; it is more like the conduct of ſuch a hair-brained creature as yourſelf. And I ſhould ſtill leſs ſuſpect (rejoined Lady Maitland) that he would chuſe ſuch a hair-brained creature for his confidant; but I ſuppoſe you found it out by his eyes, or his voice, or ſome other way in which ſuch wonderful diſcoveries are uſually made. As for the language of the voice and eyes, (anſwered Albert,) I believe, I underſtand them as well as any man; how elſe could I have found out that you were in love with me, for you never told me ſo in plain words?

However,

However, the preſent caſe does not depend upon ſuch vague evidence. Sir Charles told me, as we walked together, that he thought Miſs Maitland the moſt beautiful woman he had ever ſeen, and, that if her mind was equal to her perſon, ſhe was abſolutely perfect. What do you think of that? Is the man who entertains ſuch ſentiments in danger of falling in love? Not in the leaſt (replied Juliana.) I apprehend, that the man who can ſurrender his heart to nothing ſhort of perfection, will be likely intirely to poſſeſs it during his whole life. True, Juliana, (anſwered Lady Maitland,) nobody can, without extreme folly, pretend to be free from many and great faults. I queſtion if Sir Charles would at preſent allow that (replied Albert.) At preſent, however, (ſaid Mrs. Mordant,) we are not at leiſure to diſcuſs this point; for I ſee the coach is in

waiting. With whoſe company am I to be favoured? In the firſt place (replied her daughter) be good enough to let us know where you are going. I am going (anſwered Mrs. Mordant) to call at the Rectory. Oh, heavens! (exclaimed the young lady,) I hope you won't inſiſt upon my attending you! I proteſt, I was ſick of the old Doctor and his wife for at leaſt three days after our laſt viſit. I can't imagine what could make you ſick, (ſaid Mrs. Mordant,) both the Doctor and Mrs. Preſton are very ſenſible; and he is reckoned one of the moſt learned men of the age. Oh then, do take Miſs Maitland with you, (cried Miſs Mordant) they will be quite delighted with her; for I have heard them harangue for an hour in praiſe of gravity, prudence, modeſty, and all that. If Miſs Maitland will honour me with her company, (ſaid Mrs. Mordant, who

was

was too polite not to be hurt by her daughter's rudeneſs.) I ſhall be happy to introduce her to ſo worthy and reſpectable a couple as the Doctor and Mrs. Preſton; and I am of your opinion, Eliza, that they will be delighted to ſee the qualities they moſt admire, united to ſweetneſs, youth and beauty. The drive is a remarkably pleaſant one (continued ſhe, addreſſing our heroine) and we will return through Sir Harry Windſor's park, which is laid out with great taſte and beauty. Juliana ſaid, ſhe would attend her with pleaſure, even though ſhe were to run the hazard of being reputed to underſtand Greek. Mrs. Mordant gave her daughter a look of anger, and telling Lady Maitland ſhe would not aſk her to come with them, as ſhe knew old people did not ſuit her taſte, led the way to the coach, into which Albert, having firſt handed Juliana, and then his mother,

ſtood by the door, in a ſupplicating attitude, preſſing his open hands together, and crying, Pray, pray, pray do! You muſt aſk Miſs Maitland, (ſaid his mother, laughing;) if ſhe conſents to take in a poor mendicant, with all my heart. Juliana replied, that as he begged with ſo much humility, ſhe thought he deſerved, for once, to be indulged. She had ſcarce ſpoken, when the humble petitioner, ſuddenly aſſuming an air of triumph, jumped into the coach, the door of which being cloſed by a footman, it drove off on its way to the Rectory.

CHAP-

CHAPTER XX.

THE VISITS.

THE drive from Mordant-Place to the Rectory was delightful enough to have made our heroine, (who was paſſionately fond of fine proſpects) amends, had her viſit there been of a very diſagreeable kind; but, on the contrary, ſhe found the old Doctor and his lady ſenſible and eaſy in their manners, with an uncommon degree of apparent benevolence and goodneſs, which Mrs. Mordant had, on their way to viſit them, aſſured her was a picture of their diſpoſitions and conduct through life; adding, that the Doctor had been Mr. Mordant's guardian, and in every reſpect performed the part of a ſecond father to him. Does Miſs Mordant know this, (ſaid

Juliana?) You may well aſk the queſtion, (replied the mother of that young lady:) Eliza's thoughtleſſneſs is quite inexcuſable: our heroine bluſhed for her own, in having ſo unpolitely expreſſed her opinion of Miſs Mordant, to her neareſt relations. She was ſtudying ſomething to ſay by way of making amends for her want of recollection; when the coach ſtopped at Doctor Preſton's door, and they alighted without the ceremony of inquiring if the good couple were at home, he being too much an invalid to ſtir abroad, and ſhe conſtantly attending him.

They received Mrs. Mordant with much appearance of pleaſure, and Albert ſhook the old gentleman by the hand, inquiring with a kind of laughing, yet reſpectful, and even tender friendlineſs, after his health; then ſeating himſelf by the ſide of the old lady, I ſee, (ſaid he) the Doctor is reſolved

to

to keep me a bachelor; it is quite unconſcionable in him to look ſo well, when he knows I have ſet my heart upon you. I think, (replied Mrs. Preſton, ſmiling and glancing a look at Juliana) you might make a better choice; but as love is ſaid to depend upon fancy, if you can like nobody but me, why you muſt wait with patience; perhaps, in ten or twenty years time I may be at liberty. As for age, you know, there will be no more difference between us at that time than now; ſo no objection can be raiſed on that account. And do you really think, (cried Albert) that I can have patience to wait a ſcore of years! why my beauty will be all gone by that time. See there, Miſs Maitland, (ſaid the old lady, to whom Juliana had been introduced at their firſt entrance) what beings men are! While you keep them at an awful diſtance they are all

ſubmiſſive impatience, but the moment you give them the ſmalleſt encouragement, they grow vain and careleſs. And ſee, my dear young lady, what deceitful creatures ſome women are, (rejoined the Doctor.) I once thought my wife one of the moſt diſcreet matrons in the whole country, and expected nothing leſs than to hear a young fellow make love to her before my face. I aſſure you this affair between Albert and Mrs. Preſton, is known over the whole neighbourhood.

Our heroine was ſurpriſed to find the converſation of perſons, in whom ſhe had expected a conſiderable degree of formality at leaſt, if not of pedantry, ſo perfectly free from the ſmalleſt tincture of either. She was much pleaſed with the unaffected cheerfulneſs of a man, whoſe goodneſs, attainments, and underſtanding, gave him a right to aſſume the appearance of that ſuperiority

riority which he really poſſeſſed; but who, content with that reality, deſpiſed an aſſumed appearance.

While they were thus chatting, the Doctor cried out, Now Miſs Maitland, you will be convinced that I do not want the ſpirit to retaliate my wife's gallantries: yonder comes a lady for whom I profeſs an unbounded devotion, and notwithſtanding Mrs. Preſton is preſent, do not ſcruple to declare that I admire her beyond all women. And ſo complaiſant a wife am I, (replied the old lady) that I do not make the leaſt objection to this profeſſed admiration; but on the contrary join in it, and eſteem my rival as much as my huſband can poſſibly do.

The lady of whom the Doctor and Mrs. Preſton had been ſpeaking, was by this time walked more than half the length of a gravel walk, which ſtretched itſelf the whole extent of the

garden, through a gate of which ſhe had entered. She was attended by a genteel ſervant, out of livery; and as ſhe approached, Juliana knew her to be Lady Frances Seward, or the lady ſhe had ſeen in her morning ſtroll. She had no ſooner entered, and paid her compliments to the Doctor and his wife, than ſhe turned to Mrs. Mordant, who without waiting to be requeſted, which ſhe perceived would in another moment have been the caſe, preſented Juliana, ſaying ſhe had the honour of introducing to her a young lady equally deſirous and deſerving of the happineſs of her acquaintance. Lady Frances received her with a look of extreme pleaſure, and a tenderneſs which rather beſpoke old and acknowledged intimacy and approbation, than the impreſſion of a moment. Our heroine returned her careſſes with reſpect and gratitude, mingled with an inclination

nation to confidence and affection, which ſhe had never felt for any perſon at firſt ſight, nor for many after the longeſt and moſt intimate intercourſe.

When they were ſeated, Albert (riſing from a chair near Mrs. Preſton, and taking poſſeſſion of one by the ſide of Lady Frances;) Do you know, my dear madam, (ſaid he) that the Doctor has juſt been promiſing to dance at my wedding, and has engaged Miſs Maitland to be his partner? If I was as young and able (replied the Doctor) as I was at your grandfather's, you ſhould have no cauſe to ſolicit me twice; and even now, if it could contribute to your happineſs, I would endeavour to make theſe crutches figure out and in for your advantage. It is to your grandfather, young gentleman, that I owe every worldly comfort of which I am poſſeſſed; but had he not been my patron, I ſhould have loved him as my

friend, and revered him as the friend of mankind, and an ornament to the nature of which I partake: imitate his virtues; every one who knew him will tell you how numerous they were. I have heard (replied Albert) that he was a good kind of old gentleman; but there is a proper time ſuited to all things; was my grandfather ſo very virtuous at my age? I know of no time proper for vice, or even for folly, young man (anſwered the Doctor ſomewhat ſeverely;) your grandfather's merit did not conſiſt in renouncing falſe pleaſure, when ſatiety had rendered it irkſome. This reproof was received by Albert with much apparent humility, nor did the Doctor add to his ſeeming mortification, by purſuing the ſubject any further.

The remainder of the viſit was paſſed in an agreeable general converſation, wherein Lady Frances and our heroine had

had a conſiderable ſhare. They were mutually charmed with each other, and parted on both ſides with a wiſh to meet again.

No ſooner were Mrs. Mordant, our heroine and Albert ſeated in the coach, than the latter, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, exclaimed, Faith I had lik'd to have ſet the old Doctor a lecturing; one other word, and I had been clean out of his books. So you deſerved to be (replied Mrs. Mordant;) why will you not content yourſelf with being trifling upon trifling ſubjects? Why, without offence to the old gentleman, (anſwered Albert) I thought I might have made free with my own grandfather. I'm ſure, were he alive to ſee what a fine young man I am, and how likely to do honour to his name, he wouldn't like to have my fine ſpirits ſo checked. You will never learn the art of ſtopping at the right place, Al-

bert, (cried Mrs. Mordant;) and yet take my word for it, you will experience that it is among the moſt neceſſary in life. My dear Miſs Maitland (exclaimed Albert) have you no lecture to favour me with? It is the faſhion this morning, I perceive, to give me good advice, and juſt at this moment I find myſelf in the moſt docile complying humour you can imagine; ſo if you have any good things in ſtore, do beſtow them upon me. I wiſh I had aſked Lady Frances; it is ten to one but ſhe would have ſaid ſomething worth attending to; ſhe would very likely have given me ſome wiſe rules of conduct, guides for my youth, which would have pointed out the ſhoals of diſſipation, the quickſands of vanity, and the whirlwinds of paſſion: alas! what have I not loſt! but I know you will make me amends, and not ſuffer ſo promiſing a youth to be loſt

for

for want of neceſſary nurture and admonition. No, no, (cried Juliana, ſmiling;) he that wilfully neglects an opportunity of improvement, muſt not expect that it will return, whenever he is in the humour to receive it; he deſerves to be puniſhed by the loſs of it, from which he may poſſibly learn more readily to embrace the next. You are a cruel creature, (cried Albert;) the next fault I commit ſhall abſolutely be laid to your charge, becauſe you refuſe to warn me againſt indiſcretion, now I am ſo perfectly diſpoſed to profit by good advice; it may be a long time before another hour of grace arrives, and till then, you know preaching and praying are both in vain.

While the good fit is upon you, then, (cried Mrs. Mordant) let me give you one piece of advice, talk no more nonſenſe, friend, at leaſt for the remainder

of

of this day. If you can have reſolution enough to do this, I ſhall begin to hope that you are capable of any thing. Aſk me to remove a mountain, turn the courſe of a river, fertilize a deſert, or any thing that man is capable of doing (anſwered Albert) and I am ready to obey you; but to alter nature; to efface the ſtamp which ſhe hath impreſſed upon her works, and give them a new character, exceeds the power of poſſibility; and I am not yet ſufficiently ſanctified to work miracles.

They had by this time entered Sir Harry Windſor's Park, the beauty of which ſo entirely engaged the attention of our heroine, that ſhe could neither think or ſpeak of any thing elſe during the remainder of their drive, and ſhe returned to Mordant-Place, highly pleaſed both with that and every circumſtance of her viſit, but with nothing more than the behaviour of Mrs. Mordant,

Mordant, who, when diſengaged from the trifling levity of Lady Maitland, and the half concealed inſolence of her daughter, ſhe found to be not only a polite, but a ſenſible and pleaſing woman, though not wholly free from the common follies of the faſhionable world, among which the uſe of paint was one, which ſhe practiſed to as great an exceſs as either of the above-mentioned ladies. Relationſhip, nearneſs of habitation, and ſimilarity of education, views and habits, had early attached her to Lady Maitland; though both her underſtanding and diſpoſition were much better than that lady ever poſſeſſed. Accuſtomed to live in a conſtant round of company, and public amuſement, the reſidence of a perſon of title and fortune in her houſe was convenient to her, which had induced her to overlook the exceptionable part of her Ladyſhip's conduct;

and there was an eaſy kind of indifference natural to her temper, which rendered the underſtanding of her companions of leſs conſequence than it would have been to moſt women who poſſeſſed as large a ſhare as herſelf. Mr. Mordant was a ſenſible, polite man; he had taken ſome pains to regulate the manners and opinions of his wife, and had ſo far ſucceeded, that both were free from blame upon all occaſions, and often attained to elegance and refinement. Mr. Mordant divided his attentions between his family and parliamentary engagements, but of late the latter had taken the lead; he had entered deeply into the views of oppoſition, had ſpoken two or three times with applauſe, and ſpent almoſt his whole time while in town, at the houſe, and during his reſidence in the country, in preparing for the expected buſineſs of the next winter; thus his wife and fa-

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mily enjoyed little of his company, except at meal times, and then, his thoughts being oftener in St. Stephen's Chapel than at his own table, he was abſent, unentertaining, and almoſt the reverſe of every thing he was once accuſtomed to be. Mrs. Mordant's affection for her ſon, who ſpent his whole time with her, made her, however, ſome amends for this change, of which, as ſhe could not prevent it, ſhe had too much good ſenſe to complain.

In the afternoon Sir Charles and his aunt, according to appointment, arrived; and from this ſecond interview Juliana was more than before pleaſed with the former, and charmed with the latter; they met as friends who had long enjoyed each other's intimacy; their ſouls ſeemed to acknowledge a ſimilarity of ideas and diſpoſition, and needed not length of time to cement their union.

There

There is, perhaps, no feeling of which the human mind is capable, more delightfully pleaſant, than that which it experiences at the commencement of a ſudden and ſtrong attachment. The whole ſoul gives itſelf up to a charming deluſion, for a deluſion it too frequently proves to be, and looks forward to years of happineſs of which nothing but the loſs of the beloved object can deprive it. Too often it happens that thoſe virtues and amiable qualities, upon which haſty attachments have been founded, are diſcovered to be mere appearances; ſometimes the offspring of vanity, baits for undeſerved eſteem and admiration, and not ſeldom the veil of intereſted meanneſs or hypocritical fraud: where this is the caſe, the pain of diſappointment will be proportioned to the vivacity of expectation: but where thoſe excellencies which attract our approach, will endure

endure the microſcopic eye of inſpection, and improve as they become more familiarly known, the happineſs which reſults from warm and tender friendſhip is more ſweet, intereſting, and to complete all, laſting, than any other which we can ever hope to poſſeſs; and were a juſt account of anxiety and ſatisfaction to be made out, would, it is probable, in the eye of rational eſtimation, far exceed the ſo-much boaſted pleaſures of love.

When we mention friendſhip, however, we would have our readers obſerve, that we do not mean to ſpeak of that cold, regular kind, which many men of great ſenſe and prudence profeſs for each other, the ſtrength of which is ſo great, as to induce them to ſpeak of each other upon all occaſions with exact and impartial juſtice; frequently to viſit each other, if near, at which times they give their opinions upon

upon politics, and the affairs of the neighbourhood, without fear of any inconvenient circumſtances ariſing from the confidence and freedom with which they ſpeak; or if at a diſtance, to keep up an intercourſe by letter at leaſt twice a year: nay, ſo far may it operate in the breaſt of the wiſeſt man, that ſhould his friend want money to make a purchaſe, complete a ſum to lay out upon a mortgage, or for any other proper and advantageous purpoſe, he may, upon receiving his bond and ſecurity, be prevailed upon to lend it him, provided he has it by him, or can raiſe it without much trouble or loſs. And ſhould an account of the death of the one be brought to the other, it might probably make him grave for a whole day, except ſome buſineſs or party in which he was engaged obliged him to throw off ſo improper and uſeleſs a propenſity. This is not the kind of

friendſhip

friendſhip of which we are ſpeaking, but that lively, ſweet, and confidential affection by which two, three, or more, (for there is no cauſe for confining it to a particular number) of ſenſible, virtuous and amiable women are united. I ſay women, for in ſpite of vulgar prejudice, or the little pert ſatire of the witlings, I aver that women are as capable of perfect and laſting friendſhip, nay more ſo than the men; I mean in theſe modern times, wherein it muſt be acknowledged that the former have riſen in eſtimation and uſefulneſs of character, and I am ſorry to ſay the latter greatly fallen. I will venture to affirm, that there are five Mrs. Maitlands in real life for one man of equal excellence.

Lady Frances did not take leave of the family at Mordant Place, before ſhe had appointed an early day for their returning her viſit, which ſhe inſiſted

ſiſted upon their doing in the moſt friendly manner, by ſpending a whole day with her. During her viſits to her nephew, which were long and frequent, ſhe was abſolute miſtreſs of his houſe; he treated her, upon all occaſions, with filial reſpect, and never appeared ſo ſatisfied and happy as when ſhe preſided at his table. This appearance of attention and regard the world attributed to motives of intereſt, her fortune being very large; but thoſe who intimately knew Sir Charles could not ſuſpect him of being actuated by ſo mean a conſideration. His fortune was affluent, and though every thing about him was in the handſomeſt and moſt elegant ſtyle, he lived conſiderably within his income, uniting generoſity and prudence in ſuch a manner as afforded him the full advantages of the one, and the pleaſures of the other. When he firſt took poſſeſſion of his eſtate,

eſtate, every unmarried lady in the neighbourhood (to uſe a common expreſſion) ſet her cap at him. The taſte with which he laid out his grounds, altered and furniſhed his houſe, the elegance of his equipage, and, above all, the attention he paid to the female world, perſuading them that it would not be long before he made choice of a wife; but ſeveral years had now paſſed ſince his arrangements were completed; he ſtill continued to expreſs the ſame polite complacency for the ladies in his neighbourhood, often inviting parties to his houſe, where they were entertained in the moſt elegant and agreeable manner. When his aunt was with him, ſhe conſtantly was miſtreſs of the ceremonies; but, in her abſence, he conferred that diſtinction firſt upon one married Lady, and then another, without giving any proofs of particular choice; the beautiful and plain,

plain, the young and old, being indiſcriminately picked out as queen of the day, ſo that no one could flatter herſelf, even from his attention to her mother's, with the leaſt hope of having that dignity conferred upon her for life. What ſtill further diſcouraged the expectation of making an impreſſion upon his heart, was the partiality he always ſhowed for the married women: when he danced, it was with a married woman; when he walked in parties, it was to a married woman he offered the aſſiſtance of his arm; he was civil to all, but all his particular civilities were addreſſed to them, yet in ſuch a manner as no huſband could take offence at; for his complaiſance to the young and handſome in that ſtate was general and equal. It had likewiſe been lately whiſpered, that this inſenſibility to the charms of any particular woman was occaſioned by an

attachment, of a fashionable kind, to the wife of an officer who was gone abroad, and, as it was generally believed, prolonged his stay out of the country from motives of prudence, not perhaps quite consistent with the honour of his profession, but by which he was enabled to live more comfortably than when he had himself and a gay wife to maintain out of his half-pay.

Yet Marlly (for that was the name of his seat) was so sweet a place! the house so handsome, so convenient, so elegantly furnished! the situation so fine, the grounds so delightful! the fortune of its possessor so large, his person so agreeable, his manners so pleasing, and his general character so excellent, that it was a thousand pities to give up all hope of attaining so many desirable things; and though it was generally agreed among the neigh-

bouring ladies, that Sir Charles Haſtings was not a marrying man, few of them viſited him without taking particular pains with their dreſs, and calling up their beſt looks and humours for the day.

Thus the diſengaged almoſt generally deſired to attract his notice; nor were there wanting, among the wives of his friends, ſeveral who would have had no objection to going pretty great lengths with him in the way of flirtation; but in his gallantries he well knew where to ſtop, nor ever indulged himſelf in ſaying any thing to a lady which could give her a right to demand his particular attentions the next time they met.

Such was the ſituation of affairs, when Mrs. Mordant and her family, in purſuance of their engagement, ſet out for Marlley. The glow upon the cheeks of Lady Maitland and Miſs Mordant

Mordant was freſher and more deep than common, their hairs better cropped, and the whole adornment of their perſons expreſſive of particular care and deſire of admiration. As for our heroine, ſhe was at all times remarkable for the taſte and elegance of her dreſs; but that taſte was natural to her; that combination of parts which gives a pleaſing or ſtriking effect to a whole, and is by others ſought and arranged with ſtudy and labour, was in her the thought of a moment, and her dreſſes were often admired and imitated, while ſhe herſelf was wholly unconſcious of their particular beauty. This was the caſe upon the day we are ſpeaking of. The moment ſhe entered Mrs. Mordant's dreſſing-room, where the family had agreed to aſſemble as ſoon as the taſk of preparation was over, Albert making a ſtep back with an air of affected ſurpriſe, exclaimed,

Death to poor Sir Charles! Such elegance, added to ſuch beauty, is too much! Upon my word (cried Miſs Mordant) Miſs Maitland is determined to complete her conqueſt; at leaſt ſhe will not fail for want of attention to her appearance. Bleſs me (continued ſhe, viewing herſelf in a large dreſſing-glaſs) how flat my dreſs looks! I havn't patience to look at myſelf. Dear Juliana, (exclaimed Lady Maitland,) where did you get that ſweet chemiſe? I muſt poſitively have one like it. Is not it charming, Mrs. Mordant? It is very elegant and pretty, (anſwered that lady,) and particularly well ſuited to Miſs Maitland's age and perſon. Oh, it is quite delightful, (cried Lady Maitland, not obſerving the ſatirical caſt of Mrs. Mordant's countenance,) I muſt have one poſitively! What ſay you, Albert; will you treat me with one? for I have lately been ſo extravagant,

gant, that I really cannot afford it. Don't you conſider, my dear madam, that I have been upon the continent as well as yourſelf, (anſwered Albert.) So you are really rude enough to refuſe me, (ſaid Lady Maitland;) well then, I believe I muſt apply to Juliana, who has been ſtaying quietly at home, and of courſe is rich. If you will do me the honour to order any thing that you like, (replied our heroine) I will take care that the bill ſhall not add to your travelling expences. See there, (cried her Ladyſhip, her eyes ſparkling with pleaſure) now that was done with a grace! That is like yourſelf!

Juliana was pleaſed with the power of obliging her mother, though the childiſh pleaſure ſhe expreſſed, at the proſpect of receiving ſuch a preſent, increaſed neither the love or eſteem ſhe felt for her. Scarce an hour paſſed in

which the ſenſibility of her heart did not ſuffer from the folly and indiſcretion of her parent, which ſhe could not help feeling, in ſome degree, as if it had been her own; the abſurdities that only ſerved to amuſe others, gave her pain; when they ſmiled, ſhe bluſhed. Her Ladyſhip was, however, pretty well kept in countenance by Miſs Mordant, who, though her underſtanding was naturally rather ſtronger, had as much little vanity, and almoſt as little information as herſelf.

During their ride to Marlly, Lady Maitland could talk of nothing but her new dreſs, which ſhe ſaid could not have come at ſo deſirable a time, ſhe being particularly anxious to appear with elegance at Stanton races, where Mr. Mordant was one of the ſtewards; and being, from the expences of her late tour, really at a loſs how to raiſe money enough to ſupply her with ſuch neceſſaries

neceſſaries as ſhe ſtood in need of: ſhe conſulted Miſs Mordant about the colour of the ornaments, but that young lady, though dreſs was one of her favorite topics of converſation, was not at that time in a humour to enter largely into that, or any other, being wholly employed in making compariſons between herſelf and our heroine. Having begun with her dreſs, ſhe proceeded to her face and perſon, which, as well as the firſt, were, in ſpite of the falſe colouring of vanity, ſo greatly ſuperior to her own, that ſhe felt a degree of diſſatisfaction, which ſelf approving folly is ſeldom known to experience.

She felt a particular deſire to mortify one ſhe eſteemed ſo powerful a rival, but it was no eaſy taſk; ſhe poſſeſſed ſo little vanity or deſire of general admiration, that all the common modes of female mortification would be loſt upon her. It was to no purpoſe to

find fault with the dreſſing of her hair; this ſhe had already tried without effect: to tell her ſhe looked ill, was equally vain, it neither diſturbed her features or chearfulneſs: to reproach her with learning, gravity, prudery, was equally to no purpoſe; ſhe received ſuch kind of ſatirical hints with the moſt perfect indifference. There was one method by which ſhe knew it was in her power to vex her, at leaſt for once, and that was by ſpeaking diſreſpectfully of Mrs. Maitland, or her couſin Mary; but this ſhe had particular reaſons to avoid. Lady Frances Seward, though ſo new an acquaintance, appeared to be her next favorite; ſhe was not fenced from her attack by motives of prudence or intereſt, and with her ſhe determined to begin.

I hate to go to Marlly, (cried ſhe, after a pauſe of a moment had taken place in the party) when that formal

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aunt of Sir Charles's is there; ſhe intirely ſpoils the company. The company muſt conſiſt of very trifling people, (replied Juliana warmly) that can be ſpoiled by the preſence of Lady Frances Seward; and, in my opinion, the epithet of formal could not have been worſe applied than to her whoſe manners are as eaſy and pleaſing as her converſation is elegant, ſenſible, and inſtructive. Miſs Mordant and Lady Maitland were both about to reply, when Albert rode up to the coach door, and interrupted them by aſking if Miſs Maitland had yet reſolved to be merciful to poor Sir Charles? Sir Charles muſt firſt ſtand in need of it, (anſwered our heroine) of which I ſhall not be convinced till he petitions for it. And when he does that, (exclaimed Miſs Mordant) I think I can venture to promiſe it will be granted. Oh, Eliza is jealous, (cried her brother) ſhe is of-

fended that Miſs Maitland ſhould be thought handſomer than herſelf; and eſpecially by ſuch nice judges as Sir Charles Haſtings and me. Certainly a preference given to a rival by you, (replied Miſs Mordant, colouring) muſt mortify me exceſſively. You know I have ſo high an opinion of your judgment in every thing! Well, (anſwered Albert) I will reſt my judgment upon the truth of my aſſertion, that Miſs Maitland has made a complete conqueſt of the Baronet. With all my heart, (replied his ſiſter) provided the proof of it be an acknowledgment from the ſuppoſed lover himſelf. Exactly ſo, (cried Albert;) if that acknowledgment is not ſhortly made, ſay I know nothing about love, and all that. And if he does, (anſwered Miſs Mordant) ſay I know nothing of Sir Charles.

As ſhe ſpoke theſe words, the coach approached the houſe, before which ſtood ſeveral other carriages belonging to the neighbouring families, who, as well as Mr. Mordant's, had been invited to dine with Sir Charles that day. The moment it drew up, the Baronet, who was ſtanding in the midſt of a group of ladies at a window, which commanded the part of the park through which they came, flew down with a degree of eagerneſs and pleaſure not exactly ſuited to the regular ſtyle of modern politeneſs. He aſſiſted Albert in handing the ladies out, or rather he handed out Juliana, for ſo intirely was his attention taken up with her, that he did not appear to ſee that the party conſiſted of any others: a bow, and hurried kind of common half how-do-ye-do, was all he could ſpare for them, till Lady Maitland, who could, on no occaſion, endure to be over looked,

reminded him of his want of civility, by aſking him, with a coquetiſh air, if he always paid ſo much diſtinction to ſtrangers. Sir Charles, inſtantly recollecting the breach of politeneſs and propriety he had been guilty of, gently relinquiſhed the hand of Juliana, and taking that of her mother, which he was ſure to find no difficulty in gaining, led her to the drawing-room, where a large company of the neighbouring ladies and gentlemen were aſſembled.

Lady Maitland preſented her daughter to the whole company, who received her with much civility, particularly the men, who ſeemed to take every opportunity of addreſſing her, and to liſten to her anſwers with admiration and pleaſure. We would not have our readers here ſuppoſe, that we mean to repreſent this as the kind of reception which every ſenſible and beautiful woman is likely to meet with

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on her firſt appearance among a company of modern men; far from it; if ſhe has nothing to recommend her but perſonal and mental charms, it is highly probable that ſhe will be intirely neglected, and ſee thoſe attentions paid to ſome plain idiot, or handſome married woman, which her perſon, accompliſhments, and ſituation, naturally gave her a right to expect: but, ſhould that perſon and thoſe accompliments be united to the gifts of birth and fortune, but eſpecially the latter, they will then have their full effect; and thoſe charms, which were deſpiſed in the obſcure girl, will be adored in the opulent heireſs.

Some minutes paſſed in receiving the compliments of the company before Juliana could ſeize an opportunity of inquiring for Lady Frances, who, contrary to her hopes and expectations, was abſent: taking advantage of the

firſt

firſt moment of ſilence, ſhe turned to Sir Charles, who had ſeated himſelf by her ſide, and aſked if they ſhould not have the pleaſure of ſeeing her. My aunt is much diſappointed, (anſwered the Baronet) in being deprived of the pleaſure of receiving the preſent company, and yourſelf in particular. I am ſorry to aſſign, as the cauſe of her abſence, a ſudden indiſpoſition, with which ſhe was ſeized this morning at breakfaſt, occaſioned, I fear, by our walking rather too late laſt night. Juliana was the only perſon preſent who appeared much grieved, though all declared they were extremely ſorry, and ſeveral inquiries were made, into the particulars of her diſorder; ſhe only by an unaffected look of anxiety and diſappointment, ſhewed that ſhe really was concerned. The moment their inquiries were ended, the reſt of the company reſumed their uſual gaiety, talk-

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ing over the common ſubjects of common viſiting converſation with as much appearance of earneſtneſs and pleaſure, as if they had been new and intereſting. As for Sir Charles, he ſeemed intirely to have forgotten his old prudence and circumſpection: the married ladies, though ſeveral very handſome ones were preſent, ſuffered an almoſt abſolute neglect; he had only common politeneſs to ſpare for them: all his gallantry and attention was engroſſed by our heroine, to whom he addreſſed the principal part of his converſation, and to whom his eyes ſpoke what his tongue did not yet dare to utter.

While they were thus engaged, a travelling poſt chaiſe and four, ornamented with an Earl's coronet, and attended by a valet and three footmen, ſtopped at the door, and in a few moments a ſervant annouced Lord Belford. The eyes of the whole female

part

part of the company ſparkled at this name, and a general flutter of fans was heard throughout the room: every one, who happened to ſit within the reflection of a looking glaſs, ſtole a glance; ſome adjuſted their handkerchiefs; felt if their curls fell in proper order, or ſhowed ſome appearance of a deſire to look more than uſually pleaſing. Juliana had heard much of Lord Belford, at Mordant-Place; ſhe expected to ſee a fine young gay man, ſuch as were the reſt of Lady Maitland's ſuppoſed admirers; her ſurpriſe was, therefore, very great, when ſhe beheld an emaciated figure enter, ſupported by a ſervant, with whoſe aſſiſtance he was enabled to hobble to a chair. He made ſeveral ſmiling bows to the company as he paſſed by them, and as ſoon as he was ſeated, addreſſed them with a degree of ſpirit and vivacity, which could little have been expected from the

the ſtate of decrepitude to which he was reduced. It was eaſy to perceive that he had once been very handſome; his countenance was open and commanding, his eyes large, expreſſive and penetrating, but he was very ſallow; and the ſize of his legs denoted, that the gout was a principal agent in the work of reducing his naturally athletic body to its preſent weak and debilitated ſtate.

Many inquiries were made after his health, and many compliments paid upon his recovery from a ſevere fit of illneſs, by which he had lately been oppreſſed, and to which he attributed his want of ſtrength and activity. He anſwered all with much politeneſs, thanking his friends for the obliging anxiety they appeared to feel about him, aſſuring them, that he found himſelf better every day, and telling Mrs. Mordant he hoped yet to have the honour

nour of attending her and Mr. Mordant at Stanton races.

The converſation of Lord Belford was lively, ſenſible, and entertaining; he appeared to be well acquainted with life, was full of anecdotes of the great, or rather gay world; and, by conſpicuouſly taking the lead, united the company, which was before divided into ſmall parties, and produced what is ſeldom met with where more than four or five are gathered together, a general converſation; and that of ſo pleaſant a kind, that our heroine was mortified when the announcement of dinner put an end to it.

Lord Belford continued in his chair without making any effort to move, till the whole company were got into the dining parlour, when his ſervant, as before, aſſiſted him to move, and placed him in one which was purpoſely left for his reception. As ſoon as the ladies

ladies had entered, Sir Charles walking up to Lady Maitland, requeſted that ſhe would do him the honour to preſide for the day; and reſpectfully taking her hand, placed her at the top of the table, to the great ſurpriſe of every one preſent, he having always conſidered her too much in the light of a ſingle woman ever before to venture to pay her ſuch a compliment. She received it with apparent complacency and inward exultation. She walked to the upper end of the room with an affected mixture of levity and ſtatelineſs; and, being ſeated with one of the principal gentlemen in the county on each ſide of her, ſhe began to fancy the days of her firſt ſplendor and beauty returned, and that ſhe was again the little divinity of an admiring circle, as when ſhe enjoyed the full poſſeſſion of both, during her ſhort, but abſolute reign, at Woodburn.

Nothing

Nothing could exceed the elegance of the entertainment, which was conſiderably larger and more expenſive than Sir Charles was accuſtomed to give, though nothing was ever wanting at his table, which propriety or agreeableneſs could demand; but at preſent, a degree of ſplendor and profuſion were added, which exactly ſuited the feelings of Lady Maitland, and made her fancy herſelf quite at home; a fancy which ſhe would have had no objection to realize, had Sir Charles been as much charmed with her as ſhe was with Marlly.

The company was placed promiſcuouſly at table, the gentlemen being intermixed with the ladies, and no attention paid to age or rank. It happened that our heroine was placed exactly oppoſite to the peer, who not having before obſerved her, the moment he caſt his eyes upon her face,

aſked

aſked Miſs Mordant, (who ſat upon his left hand) in a low voice, what was the name of the young lady over againſt them? It is Miſs Maitland, (anſwered Eliza;) I wonder my aunt did not preſent her to your Lordſhip. Miſs Maitland, (exclaimed the Earl, ſtill in a low voice) what the daughter of Lady Maitland? The ſame, (replied Miſs Mordant.) I never knew ſhe had any children, (ſaid his Lordſhip.) She has only this one, (anſwered Miſs Mordant) who will be one of the firſt fortunes in the kingdom. Will ſhe poſſeſs her late father's whole eſtate? (aſked Lord Belford:) yes, (anſwered Eliza) provided ſhe conſents to marry her couſin, the preſent Sir George; if not, ſhe forfeits the half of it to him. And is the marriage likely to take place? (aſked his Lordſhip.) I don't know, (replied ſhe) I believe there is no great affection on either ſide; on his, I am ſure there

there is not. Is ſhe not reckoned handſome? (ſaid my Lord:) by ſome, (anſwered the young Lady;) but Sir George is not among the number of thoſe who think her ſo. Is ſhe accompliſhed? (reſumed his Lordſhip:) pretty well, (replied Miſs Mordant;) but ſhe is ſo grave and fond of books, that her company gives very little pleaſure, except to a few who happen to ſuit her. No doubt ſhe has a great many lovers, (ſaid the Peer:) not one that I know of, (anſwered his informer;) ſhe's ſo extremely prudiſh, that ſhe frights them all away. Then ſhe is fonder of books than men, (ſaid his Lordſhip, ſmiling.) She has ſeen nothing of the world, (replied Miſs Mordant) and her notions, and ſentiments upon many occaſions are as whimſical and old faſhioned, as if ſhe had lived before the flood: among others I have heard her ſay, that ſhe thinks it very wrong, and inconſiſtent with the

character

character of a woman of true delicacy and honour, to have more than one profeſſed admirer at a time. Oh, moſt Gothic indeed, (cried Lord Belford) where could ſhe acquire ſuch uncommon ideas? Oh, (replied Miſs Mordant) ſhe was brought up in the country, and is ignorant of real life, according to the ſyſtem in the faſhionable world.

His Lordſhip ſmiled at theſe words, as he was expected to do, and the fair ſpeaker pleaſed herſelf with the thought of having lowered a rival in the opinion of one, whoſe approbation was the ſtandard of taſte. He had lately parted with a favorite miſtreſs who had lived with him ſome years, and ruled him with unreſtrained authority; which gave the female part of his acquaintance ſome hope, that, as he was growing old, and his health declining, he might poſſibly be induced to think of matrimony; the title of Counteſs, and

and the large pin money and jointure, he had it in his power to ſettle, being in their eſtimation, an ample equivalent for the want of youth and morals, in the latter of which he had always been notoriouſly deficient, eſpecially in his conduct to women, many of whom had fallen ſacrifices to his arts, a circumſtance in which he was known to glory. His fortune was very large, and what was vulgarly ſtyled his generoſity, unbounded; that is to ſay he ſpared no expence to pleaſe himſelf, and as his taſte led him to ſplendour and ſocial gaiety, it could not be gratified without often ſuffering others to partake of his abundance. His underſtanding was tolerably good, and his manners pleaſing, but his heart was hard and ſelfiſh.

Such was the man, upon whom almoſt every diſengaged woman in the county would have beſtowed her hand.

The

The perſonal compliment, indeed, was not great, for with equal readineſs would they have given the ſame preference to any man of diſtinguiſhed fortune and conſequence. Juliana was the only female preſent, who, in ſome way or other, did not court his attention. To her he appeared merely as an infirm old man, who might once have been both in perſon and manners ſuperior to the generality of modern beaus, (a race ſhe did not honour with much of her admiration,) but whoſe preſent ſituation could only make him an object of compaſſion, further than as his underſtanding and goodneſs might render him one of reſpect. His Lordſhip took the firſt opportunity of addreſſing ſome table chat to her, as if willing to know if the account he had heard of her was an impartial one; and while ſhe anſwered him with the moſt unaffected eaſe, did not ap-

pear to think her the mere unmannered pedant Miſs Mordant had repreſented her to be.

It was with conſiderable vexation that the laſt-mentioned young lady obſerved Lord Belford appear ſo much captivated with one ſhe had the moment before deſcribed as little calculated to charm. Though he did not in words charge her with envy, and a mean deſire of leſſening excellencies ſhe had not the power to equal, there was no miſtaking the expreſſion of his eyes, in which ſhe could plainly read ſurprize and admiration; an admiration ſhe could ill endure to ſee thrown away upon one whom ſhe accounted too inſenſible to deſerve or enjoy it.

No ſooner did the ladies remove to the drawing-room, than his Lordſhip, who was always of their party, followed, and ordering his chair to be placed next to Juliana's, addreſſed to her

her his whole converſation, ſcarce ſpeaking or looking at any other. His remarks were ſo lively, and his knowledge of modern things ſo univerſal, that ſhe liſtened to him with more than ordinary pleaſure; a pleaſure ſhe thought his age and infirmities authorized her to indulge and expreſs, without reſerve.

Sir Charles, and the reſt of the gentlemen, ſoon joined the party in the drawing-room. The Baronet was no friend to the bottle, nor ever ſat at table, when he had a female party at his houſe, more than a quarter of an hour after they left it. The moment he had paid a general compliment to the company, he walked up to Miſs Mordant, who ſat on one ſide of our heroine, and telling her he could not allow of female parties, ſat down between them; an opportunity to do which ſhe readily afforded him, by im-

mediately making room for that purpoſe. The expectation of being admired was ſo habitual to her, that ſhe did not at all ſuſpect his motive, till, having politely anſwered ſome trifle ſhe addreſſed to him, by way of beginning a converſation, he immediately joined in that of Lord Belford and our heroine, and was in a moment ſo wholly engroſſed by the latter, as apparently to forget that ſuch a perſon as herſelf was in exiſtence.

From this ſtate of chagrin and mortification ſhe was, however, ſoon delivered by the entrance of a footman, who gave a note to Juliana, containing theſe words: "If Miſs Maitland "is charitably diſpoſed to favour a "poor invalid with half an hour of "her company, the ſervant who waits "her commands will conduct her to, "&c. &c.

FRANCES SEWARD."

Our

Our heroine immediately ſhowed the note to Sir Charles, who declared, that though he muſt patiently ſubmit to her pleaſure, he ſhould certainly quarrel with his aunt for thus depriving him of the happineſs of even half an hour of her company. She then walked acroſs the room to her mother and Mrs. Mordant, and having informed them where ſhe was going, quitted it with that eaſy grace and compoſure which ſo very few are ever able to attain.

Sir Charles having attended her to the door, inſtead of returning to the ſeat he had firſt choſen, took one next to Lady Maitland's, which left Miſs Mordant again neighbour to the peer, who, not having perfectly underſtood the cauſe of Juliana's leaving the room, applied to her for information. Pleaſed with any occaſion of engaging his attention, ſhe anſwered with an air of

the utmoſt complacency, and as much compoſure as if nothing had happened to mortify or offend her, That it was only one of Miſs Maitland's fits of friendſhip, with which ſhe was often ſeized at as whimſical and improper times as the preſent. She then told him, that Sir Charles had an aunt with him at preſent on a viſit, of whom Miſs Maitland was extravagantly fond; that illneſs had prevented her from making her appearance; and that ſhe had ſent to requeſt Juliana to viſit her in her apartment. Then ſhe has her attachments? (ſaid his Lordſhip) Oh, yes! (replied Miſs Mordant, who was now more cautious of what ſhe ſaid of our heroine) ſhe is quite romantic in her notions of friendſhip! But are all her friendſhips female ones? (aſked my Lord.) Yes, I believe ſo, (anſwered Eliza;) I never heard her ſpeak of any man with particular regard, except the

old

old rector of her parish, and a grey-headed butler at Mrs. Maitland's

While Lord Belford was thus amusing himself with enquiries concerning our fair heroine, and Sir Charles paying his court to Lady Maitland, which he did with uncommon assiduity, Juliana had reached Lady Frances's dressing-room, where she was received with the most affectionate pleasure. The anxiety she had felt, on account of her indisposition, was, in a great measure, removed by an assurance she received from her Ladyship, that her disorder, which lay chiefly in her head, had, since dinner, almost intirely removed; and that she found herself so well as once to have half resolved upon dressing, and joining the party in the drawing-room; but as my principal inducement, (continued she) would have been the enjoyment of my dear Miss Maitland's society, I changed my

determination, hoping I might prevail upon you to favour me with a ſhort viſit here, and thinking half an hour of your company all to myſelf, more valuable than a longer time paſſed in the uſual mixture of a viſiting party.

The moments flew away ſo faſt in pleaſing and rational converſe, that Lady Frances's woman made her appearance with tea before either ſhe or her fair companion imagined the half hour, to which the viſit had been limited, was expired. Her Ladyſhip having expreſſed her ſurprize, and looked at her watch to convince herſelf that it could poſſibly be eight o'clock, reached out her hand to bid her lovely young friend adieu; but Juliana, who felt no inclination to exchange her preſent ſituation for the unintereſting fopperies of the drawing-room, begged ſhe would permit her to continue where ſhe was, till the time of returning to

Mordant

Mordant Place; adding, if you inſiſt upon my going now, I ſhall conclude that you are quite tired of me. Lady Frances pauſed; then looking at Juliana with a ſmile of inexpreſſible complacency, life, (ſaid ſhe) is not compoſed of ſo many happy hours, that we ſhould voluntarily reject one that fortune offers to our acceptance. Thoſe which I have now ſpent with you are among the moſt pleaſing that I have for many years experienced; and ſince you are good enough to deſire it, I cannot deny myſelf the ſatisfaction of adding another to their number. Every moment, indeed, that they continued together, ſeemed to diſcover to each ſome excellence, ſome amiable trait of character, which had, till then, been concealed. Juliana admired the commanding nobleneſs of Lady Frances's figure and manners, which being united to the moſt winning affability, con-

verted the awe they at firſt inſpired into reſpectful affection. Her knowledge, her underſtanding, and, above all, the juſtneſs and generoſity of her ſentiments compleated her attachment, and added eſteem to admiration and love.

In our heroine, Lady Frances had found that perfectly amiable and pleaſing character, which ſhe had hitherto vainly ſought; taſte, underſtanding, and knowledge, joined to elegant ſimplicity of manners, delicacy of ſentiment, beauty of perſon, ſweetneſs of temper, and goodneſs of heart. She almoſt feared to examine whether ſuch an aſſemblage of virtues and graces was real; and dreaded to diſcover ſome latent weakneſs, ſome well-concealed folly, which would caſt a ſhade over ſuch uncommon brightneſs. Yet the more ſhe examined, the more clear and ſpotleſs did the mind, and manners

ners of her fair young friend appear; and though her experience and knowledge of a bad world, made her ſometimes inclined to doubt the exiſtence of ſo much excellence; the goodneſs and rectitude of her own heart taught her, that it was poſſible; and the increaſing ſtrength of her affection inclined her to hope that it was certain.

When Mr. Mordant's coach drew up to the door, and Juliana received a ſummons to depart, both felt the greateſt reluctance to ſeparate. Lady Frances promiſed to call upon her in a few days; and lamented, that the different diſpoſitions of the Mordants and herſelf, had prevented that degree of intimacy which ſhe now wiſhed could ſubſiſt between them; for, ſhould I now call upon them much oftener than I have been accuſtomed to do, (continued her Ladyſhip) they will know my motive, and conſider my having

ſo frequently declined their invitations as an abſolute affront. Had I not firſt the pleaſure of ſeeing you at an early hour in the park? (ſaid Juliana.) Do you often take morning walks? Very often, (anſwered her Ladyſhip;) and if you will give me your company to-morrow, at ſeven o'clock, my woman ſhall meet you at the firſt ſeat in Mr. Mordant's park, and conduct you to a little bathing houſe, which is abſolutely my own property, and where we may enjoy an hour or two of uninterrupted converſation.

This was exactly what Juliana wiſhed. She could not offer to viſit Lady Frances, becauſe her preſent home was the houſe of Sir Charles Haſtings; but the delicate manner in which ſhe had intimated, that her nephew was not to be admitted into their morning meetings, ſatisfied the niceſt ſenſe of propriety; and ſhe took leave with an aſ-

ſurance, that ſhe would not fail to be exact both as to the place and hour of appointment.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE CONTRAST.

THE moment our heroine deſcended from Lady Frances's apartment, ſhe was met by Sir Charles, who taking her hand to lead her into the drawing-room, where the ladies were preparing to depart, gently reproached her for abſenting herſelf ſo long. We have, (ſaid he) been, ſince you left us, the dulleſt beings you can imagine; for my own part, I felt myſelf ſo utterly unable to ſupport any thing

thing that reſembled converſation, that I was obliged to propoſe cards in my own defence. The afternoon has been cloudy, (anſwered Juliana ſmiling,) it is not therefore ſurpriſing that an Engliſh company ſhould want ſpirits. As ſhe ſpoke theſe words, they reached the drawing-room door, where they were met by Albert, who taking hold of her other hand with his uſual good-humour, exclaimed, Are you not a cruel creature to run away and leave us for ſo many hours in a ſtate of melancholy and dejection? Poor Lord Belford is gone in deſpair. Here ſat the Peer, at leaſt half an hour, debating with himſelf whether he ſhould riſk the conſequence of evening damps, or depart without taking leave of you. I aſſure you, inclination and prudence had a hard ſtruggle; I believe his diſappointment at your not returning was nearly as painful as the gout; however, he has

has promiſed us the honour of a viſit in a few days, when he will make his own complaints and apologies. Is Lord Belford then an inhabitant of this part of this kingdom? (ſaid Juliana.) He has, within the laſt twelve months, purchaſed a large eſtate in this neighbourhood, (anſwered Sir Charles) where he is making conſiderable improvements. About ſix weeks ſince he came to it, intending only to paſs a few days, and ſee how his projector went on; but a ſevere fit of the gout, from which he is yet but half recovered, has detained him till now. For which, no doubt, he will be thankful, (ſaid Sir Harry Windſor, who was one of Sir Charles's neighbours and viſitors, with an affected air) ſince it has been the means of affording him the immenſe pleaſure of ſeeing the accompliſhed Miſs Maitland. Probably, (ſaid Albert, with a grave countenance) he

he will love the gout all the remainder of his life for it; and every time he feels a twinge, inſtead of execrating, exclaim, Oh! thou beloved pain, welcome! thrice welcome! dear ſhalt thou ever be to me; for to thee I owe the enrapturing ſight of my adored Juliana!

Every perſon preſent, except Sir Harry, who felt himſelf a little offended, ſmiled at this unexpected ſally; and Juliana having received preſſing invitations to viſit the ladies, and abundance of farewell compliments from the men, took her leave with the reſt of Mr. Mordant's family. She was handed to the coach by Sir Charles, there being gentlemen of equal rank to attend Lady Maitland and Mrs. Mordant. By the way, he requeſted that ſhe would often favour his aunt with her company; adding, that every body conſidered Marlly as belonging entirely to Lady Frances during her reſi-

dence

dence there. Our heroine thanked him for his polite invitation, and ſaid, ſhe ſhould with pleaſure embrace every opportunity of ſeeing a lady, whoſe ſociety was ſo particularly agreeable to her. He then pointed out ſome diſtant objects, which the ſetting ſun ſhowed with uncommon diſtinctneſs and beauty; in deſcribing which, he ſtopped, and having hold of her hand, ſhe was obliged to do the ſame; indeed, being amuſed with the fine view before her, ſhe felt no inclination to haſten forward. When Miſs Mordant, who with the reſt of the party had been ſeated in the coach a full minute, called out in a half-peeviſh tone, Oh come, Miſs Maitland! pray don't keep us waiting here. Theſe words rouſed our heroine, who begging pardon for the inadvertency ſhe had been guilty of, took the place which was left for her, by the ſide of her mother, and

after

after a general interchange of bows, and kiſſing of hands, they drove away on their return to Mordant Place.

The ill humour of Miſs Mordant was viſible to every one preſent, nor was the occaſion of it a ſecret to any, except our heroine, from whom the little delight ſhe took in, or attention ſhe paid to general admiration, concealed the degree of it ſhe had that day excited, which had ſo much diſturbed the peace, and raiſed the envy and averſion of her young companion. Lady Maitland was in the higheſt ſpirits, expatiating with delight upon the ſplendid entertainment they had been treated with, and repeating the many fine things that had been ſaid to her by Sir Charles, Lord Belford, and Sir Harry Windſor, eſpecially the latter, who, among other gallant ſpeeches, told her, that nothing but Juliana's extraordinary underſtanding and beauty, could have

have perſuaded him that ſhe was her daughter; though from the ſtriking reſemblance in their perſons and manners, he ſhould eaſily have believed that they were ſiſters.

Reſemblance in perſon and manner, (cried Miſs Mordant) in my opinion, there cannot be two people more unlike in both. Sir Harry was really at a loſs for a compliment, when he ſaid that. Some people don't ſee likeneſſes, (anſwered Lady Maitland.) What do you think Mrs. Mordant? is not there a great reſemblance between us? You are both fair, (replied that Lady) otherwiſe I don't ſee much. What do you think of it, Albert? (continued ſhe, addreſſing her ſon, who juſt then rode up to the coach window) do you perceive a very conſiderable degree of reſemblance between Lady Maitland and her daughter? Oh, certainly, (anſwered Albert) they are both very handſome

handſome you know, and one handſome thing muſt be like another. Then, (anſwered Mrs. Mordant, ſmiling) Miſs Maitland's eyes are like your horſe. I thought you were going to ſay, that Miſs Maitland's eyes were like mine, (cried Albert.) Juſt as like as blue and black, (ſaid his ſiſter.) Does reſemblance depend only upon colour? (replied he;) my eyes may be like Miſs Maitland's, as they are bright, ſoft, expreſſive.—Huſh, huſh, (cried Lady Maitland) I ſhall grow jealous of Juliana, if you compliment her at this rate. Oh, (replied Albert) your Ladyſhip had fixed me before I ſaw Miſs Maitland; to be ſure, when Sir George introduced me firſt at Furze-Hill, I did feel a little twinge; if you had not gained full poſſeſſion of my heart, it would certainly have been then loſt; but ſhe muſt not think to make conqueſts of every body, if Sir Charles Haſtings

Haſtings and Lord Belford—Bleſs me, (exclaimed Miſs Mordant) I thought Lord Belford had long ſince been aſſigned to Lady Maitland. I thought ſo too, (anſwered Albert) but I know not what to think of it now; ſome very ſuſpicious circumſtances took place today. Men are fickle creatures, you know, my dear Lady Maitland: but you muſt comfort yourſelf with reflecting, that the conſtancy of Sir Harry Windſor and myſelf is not to be ſhaken. I fancy, (ſaid Miſs Mordant) the beſt way to be ſecure againſt a paſſion for any body elſe, is to fall in love with ones ſelf, and if that's the caſe, Albert has nothing to fear. And if that is the caſe, (replied he) let me congratulate my dear ſiſter upon her perfect ſecurity; and pronounce, at once, that the moſt accompliſhed man in Europe may deſpair of ever being able to gain an intereſt in her heart.

Theſe

Theſe kind of ſatirical compliments continued to paſs between the brother and ſiſter, rather to their own amuſement than that of their mother, or our heroine, during the remainder of the ride; Lady Maitland, ſometimes ſiding with the one, ſometimes with the other, was the only perſon in the party, (Albert excepted, in whom it was conſtitutional) who preſerved an appearance of perfect good humour. Miſs Mordant being irritated by ſome laughing truths, or as ſhe ſtyled them, impertinences, which were addreſſed to her by her brother, Mrs. Mordant, hurt by ſuch a ſcene of trifling diſagreement between them, and Juliana half diſguſted with their folly, and mortified by the levity and affectation of a mother, who, notwithſtanding her ſtrong ſenſe of duty, ſhe could neither love or reſpect, it was with pain that ſhe compared her character and manners

ners with thoſe of Lady Francis Seward. The underſtanding, knowledge, elegance, and ſweetneſs of the one, formed too ſtrong a contraſt to the weakneſs of mind, ignorance, affectation, and caprice of the other, to permit the compariſon to paſs unmade, or to be reflected upon without real concern. While ſhe gazed upon the once young and beautiful Lady Maitland, now growing old without relinquiſhing one of thoſe follies which had made that youth and beauty contemptible, or the poſſeſſion of a ſingle virtue to render age chearful or reſpectable, ſhe would have ſighed for the honour of human nature, had ſhe felt only as a common partaker of it; but when ſhe reflected that this weak, worthleſs being was her mother, one to whom ſhe ought to be bound by every tye of tenderneſs and reſpect, the ſigh was deeper, and the pang by which it was accompanied

more

more painful, than any that mere compaſſion could excite. She had embraced every opportunity, which her reſidence at Mordant-Place had afforded her, of expatiating upon that reſpectableneſs of character, and peaceful ſtate of mind, which are the reſult of propriety of conduct; but ſo far was Lady Maitland from being affected, or improved by her repreſentations, that ſhe did not appear even to comprehend them, or if ſhe did, choſe, by a ſeemingly careleſs inattention, to let them paſs as matters in which ſhe was wholly unintereſted, frequently at the very moment, without appearing to intend it, expreſſing ſuch ſentiments and opinions as abſolutely contradicted thoſe delivered by our heroine, or doing ſomething which plainly proved that ſuch lectures were intirely loſt upon her. Sometimes Juliana was inclined to pity a weakneſs which ſhe thought

thought rendered her incapable of thinking right, but at others, the artful means ſhe would make uſe of to attain ſome little deſired purpoſe, and the quickneſs with which ſhe comprehended whatever ſuited her diſpoſition, convinced her that the defect lay in the perverſion rather than the natural weakneſs of her intellects; and that though her underſtanding could not be reckoned ſtrong, it would have been ſufficiently ſo for all the purpoſes of a life ſo eaſy, fortunate, and unvaried as her's, had it not been rendered uſeleſs by the badneſs of her education, and pernicious by the corruption of her heart. The memory of her father was dear to her: the excellent character which Mrs. Maitland had often drawn of him, had rendered her extremely fond of his idea; ſhe could not, therefore, reflect upon the injury and diſgrace he had ſuffered, without a degree

of diſguſt and reſentment, which rendered it difficult to treat its author with that deference and regard which her profeſſed affection ſeemed to deſerve, and the ſacred title ſhe bore demanded.

END OF VOL. II.

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